MAYFAIR

30p Vol. 8 No. 4

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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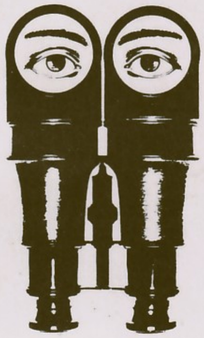

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Our Mayfair scoop of the month is a delicious, dusky-skinned young lady who might be described as the Prince's official nude. She is 23-year-old Minerva Smith, who, unadorned, adorns pages 68 to 73. Minerva's South American charms are well known to the crew of HMS Minerva – the Chatham-based vessel on which Prince Charles is currently enlarging his naval knowledge. As the ship's official pin-up she went down to Chatham just over a year ago to pay a very uplifting visit, as you can see by our picture. We thought the Senior Service have had exclusive rights for long enough and decided Minerva deserved much fuller exposure. When not baring all for Mayfair or appearing on the film or television screen this young actress from Guyana keeps her 5 feet 6 inches in trim with daily keep-fit exercises and sleeps nightly without a pillow.

'It's not so much a hole,' a gruff-voiced biology master from Yorkshire once explained, 'as a shaft.' Which made it all the more surprising to us that the title of one of the biggest movie money-spinners in recent times goes by just that name. The blatant obviousness of the hero's name is revealed as a consequence of the transatlantic language gap. Author Ernest Tidyman describes it as 'dark and ominous, strong and in some idioms also sexual.' One of those idioms is English as she is spoke in these isles. Never mind, it can't have harmed book and film sales over here. Mr Tidyman says he got the name from a sign he saw on a skyscraper out of his New York publisher's window. It read: 'Fire shaftway.' He adds modestly, 'That's how writers accidentally stumble on their reputations for intelligence. They scrape it off the sides of buildings.'

Mayfair's disc reviewer Peter Hopkins, has a crystal ball that has been working with polished efficiency during the past year. The 1973 Disc Music Poll Awards, recently presented in the Sloop John D on the Chelsea Embankment, confirm what we've known for some time: the man can pick a winner. In bygone columns he has described Rod Stewart as Britain's top male vocalist – the pole named him Number One. He also had this to say about Roxy Music: 'Their album is excellent and quite amazing considering it is their first.' Roxy were voted brightest hope for 1973, followed by Focus, a group who, Peter said, had 'tremendous potential . . . and it will be interesting to see how their talents expand.' So now we're trying to get Peter interested in horses.

An uplifting moment by Minerva Smith on a visit to HMS Minerva

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SPECIAL FEATURES

Micky Mannock, VC, was Britain's greatest air ace according to Gerald Rawling. He was also a hun hater and vicious killer, who sought no honour in war. Honours, though, were something MG frequently notched up in the 'thirties and William Boddy looks at these underrated cars.

GIRLS

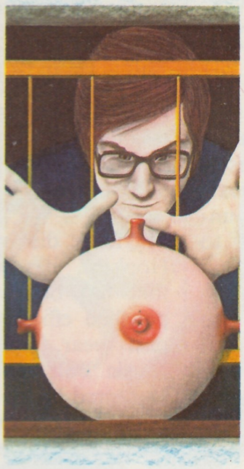
There's a fine contrast of four fair ladies in this issue. Dawn Saunders is a powerful, sexually aware bird with lots to be aware of, while shy Madeleine Drew fresh from Cheltenham needs the tender touch. Guyana born bomber Minerva Smith has expressed herself well on television, and Charlotte finds her outlet in painting and poetry. Last, but never least, is our own Carrie who's up to her knickers in trouble once again.

HUMOUR

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short . . . Rosalind Davies reminisces about her randy past in getting it in out of the rain, which is guaranteed to do anything but dampen your enthusiasm. Cyn and Michael are at it again – arguing that is. This time they're weighing up the pros and cons of 'Troilism' and how to ensure a third party won't make heavy claims. And, of course, there's a page of after dinner jokes that will help the port go round more easily.

INFORMERS

The laboratory of human response comes up with more revealing stories. A starched and straight-laced uniform, a buttonless dressing gown – what do girls wear that get men going? Quest interviews three girls who have been caught unawares and turned their mates on by mistake.



Digby's downfall, page 8

FICTION

A knickerless secretary determines the downfall of Digby from the high-minded bank. But he's soon back in the clouds. Nevile Player describes Digby rising. The tireless Morgan thinks Lady Luck will protect him as he decides to bankrupt the local gambling den.

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CRITICS

The man who became a big tit is in Philip Roth's new novel reviewed by Arthur Pottersman, Kenneth Dowd visits Plumes Club and David Quinlan takes in the superfly at the movies.

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

The freedom with which oral sex is mentioned these days might create a feeling that it is a modern innovation. This of course is not the case.

I recall that many years ago a Sheik was invited over here by the government of the day. As he had left his harem behind, he was provided with some local talent and it was one of these girls who introduced him to oral sex. The Sheik was greatly impressed and, on his return home, he took an early opportunity to introduce his harem to what he described as the 'only worthwhile idea he had learnt from the West.' The first lady to try it with him had, unfortunately, a very small mouth and the potentate's private part was rasped by her teeth. The sheik bellowed with rage and in the ensuing tirade of abuse he told her: 'For the sake of Allah, girl, don't eat it like a banana, smoke it like a cigar!'

W.H.R., Folkestone

I thought you might like to know how your magazine helped me to overcome my inhibitions.

I have always been quite shy with women, but one Saturday night, after several drinks at the local discotheque, I somehow ended up at my flat with a very attractive redhead. My inhibitions stopped me giving vent to my desires which must have otherwise been quite obvious.

As she was looking around the flat she caught sight of a copy of your magazine. I was somewhat embarrassed, but my guest was clearly amused and even a little aroused. She came over and knelt down beside me, unzipping my trousers and caressing me. My inhibitions left me and my hands slid down her back and undid the back of her dress and unhooked her scanty black bra. It wasn't long before she was on the bed, her legs wide apart, moaning for relief.

Now, thanks to your magazine, I am no longer inhibited with women and am leading a normal and regular sex life. Thank you!

D.J.A., Cambridge

Honestly, chaps, we didn't write this letter . . .

In a recent issue you invited comments on an authentic ghost story in East Africa. By sheer coincidence I received this magazine on Christmas night as part of a magazine swap. And, as midnight struck, we began exchanging personal ghost stories.

The radio officer told us about a house he had lived in at Liverpool. In the two years he and his wife lived there they never saw or heard anything sinister, but there was one room which was quite foreboding. They used it for their infant daughter but she would scream her head off if left there in the dark. One of their sisters (I forget whose) stayed a night there and in the morning she apologised for leaving the light on, as, for some reason she couldn't explain, she had not been able to face the dark. Also, in the hall they often had the feeling that someone was pushing past them.

I myself live at Alton and a couple of leaves ago my wife and I visited Winchester, taking our Alsatian with us. He's a big beast and not afraid of thunder, guns or almost anything else. We went to an old pub near the cathedral and my wife went upstairs to have a look around. She was away for some time and I went up after her with the dog. He's usually very active in strange surroundings, but when we got to the top of the stairs he stopped dead, then backed up against me apparently terrified. But there was nothing strange to see or hear. Some time later I received a letter from my wife saying that the dog had behaved in a similar way. I didn't think too much of it, but, by a coincidence, a letter arrived in the same post to say that a

close friend of ours had committed suicide. It wasn't until much later that I matched up the two events, which occurred at more or less exactly the same time.
P. A Archer R/O, ss 'Rajala', Singapore

I notice the subject of pubic hair continues to interest your readers. In Vol 8 No 1 M.Q. of Montpellier, France, suggests that Quest might cover the subject and I heartily second this. I do not, however, share his views that the shaven area looks more exciting. Quite the opposite in fact. I would hazard a guess that the majority of the lovely girls who grace the pages of your magazine would prefer their own natural state. In twenty years of photography I have not yet met one girl who liked the shaven state. Even the few professional models I have met in the past expressed their dislike of having to shave and only did so in order to conform with the then ridiculous regulations regarding the shaving of pubic hair. For the benefit of those girls who are undecided on the subject I would suggest that if they are really interested in appearing attractive in the nude that they devote a little attention to the grooming of their pubic hair so as to present a nice, evenly distributed triangle, well fluffed out, which will greatly enhance their appearance. For those more sparsely endowed, the regular application of a good brand of tonic hair cream will help in producing a more generous growth. A wash and brush up before a photographic session makes all the difference and avoids that straggly, unkempt look which can evoke unflattering comment.
I am enclosing a photograph of a girl who regularly poses for me. As you can see she has beautiful curls and has, through my persuasion, become a staunch convert to the 'wash and brush up' ritual.
S.M.A., London, SW1

You tantalise us to an unprecedented degree!
First we have little glimpses of Miss S. Shaw in your calendar ads and then a pic of her in a memorable position among the worthy annual lovelies with the cryptic remark that she stood in for Susan George (by George!) in the rape scene of *Straw Dogs*. Egad! We wipe the droplets of anticipatory sweat!
Might I suggest that instead of playing provocative silly buggers with us you give us another (and another, and another) portfolio of Miss Shaw and throw in an issue of devotion to Miss George as well.
In spite of all this you maintain a degree of normality and frankness which some of your more esoteric and kinked competitors would do well to copy if they hope to continue in the running. A good sense of humour, candour and the ridiculous with none of the crusading pomposity of the Other Two.
Lang may yer lum reek! (A colloquialism of these erudite parts which is not nearly as filthy as it sounds!)
Gerald F. McNally, Scotland

And the same to you, sir. A set of pictures of sexy Susan Shaw did, in fact, appear in Vol 6 No 11.

I was put into a state of nostalgic euphoria by your recent article on Morgans. In 1930 I bought an Anzani engined Morgan from the late Frank Spouse. In those days it was advisable to drive with the rear wheels astride the tram lines to prevent skidding in wet weather. On one occasion, about twenty miles from Nottingham at seven in the morning, a Y shaped piece of metal in the gearbox seized. We limped to a local blacksmith who made a new part while we had breakfast – better service, probably than the average garage today!
The seats in the Morgan were

turn to page 94

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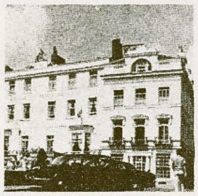

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DIGBY RISING

The bank stood for things of a high nature and Digby for things low, like the dolly clerk with no knickers who bent over the files

Fiction by Nevile Player

It had been a long time since Digby had reached out to touch a woman amongst the crumples of his early morning bed.

He slept alone and naked between the sheets these balmy nights, brooding: being such an easy lay I cannot understand why more girls don't fancy me.

But there were no takers; not even the girl on the stairs who flashed it without knowing.

The girl on the stairs. Wow.

Yesterday morning and the morning before they had passed there as she came from the bathroom on lightly browned legs, her breasts about to shake free from cups of pale lemon. From matching briefs a faint suggestion of curliness escaped in strands at the top of her thighs. She was clutching a towel and toothbrush to her stomach and Digby stood back in wordless wonder to let her pass.

'Hi.' She said it smiling directly into his eyes, her head tilted. A face framed in glorious dark hair, long to her naked shoulders and flicking up at the ends. A response caught in his throat and gurgled to get out as he twisted to watch her bottom going down the stairs and through the door of her flat . . . slam.

Digby's weapon lately handled by himself alone, stirred unhappily beneath the twisted sheets. So long since I felt cool female fingers tickling gently upon it; once even, warm breath.

The vaguely accelerating lateness of the morning brought no action from him. Half an hour to go as the spidery minute hand made warily for ten o'clock. At ten the girl would be on the stairs.

Until then he lay practising choice words: Good morning. Perhaps I should go further. Good morning Miss, what tremendous tits. God, no. Good morning, it would be nice to have your name on my lips now and then. I have little else.

Especially after the firing squad last week. You're fired Digby. Digby you're fired. It's an unpleasant business and we can't have it. This bank has a name that stands

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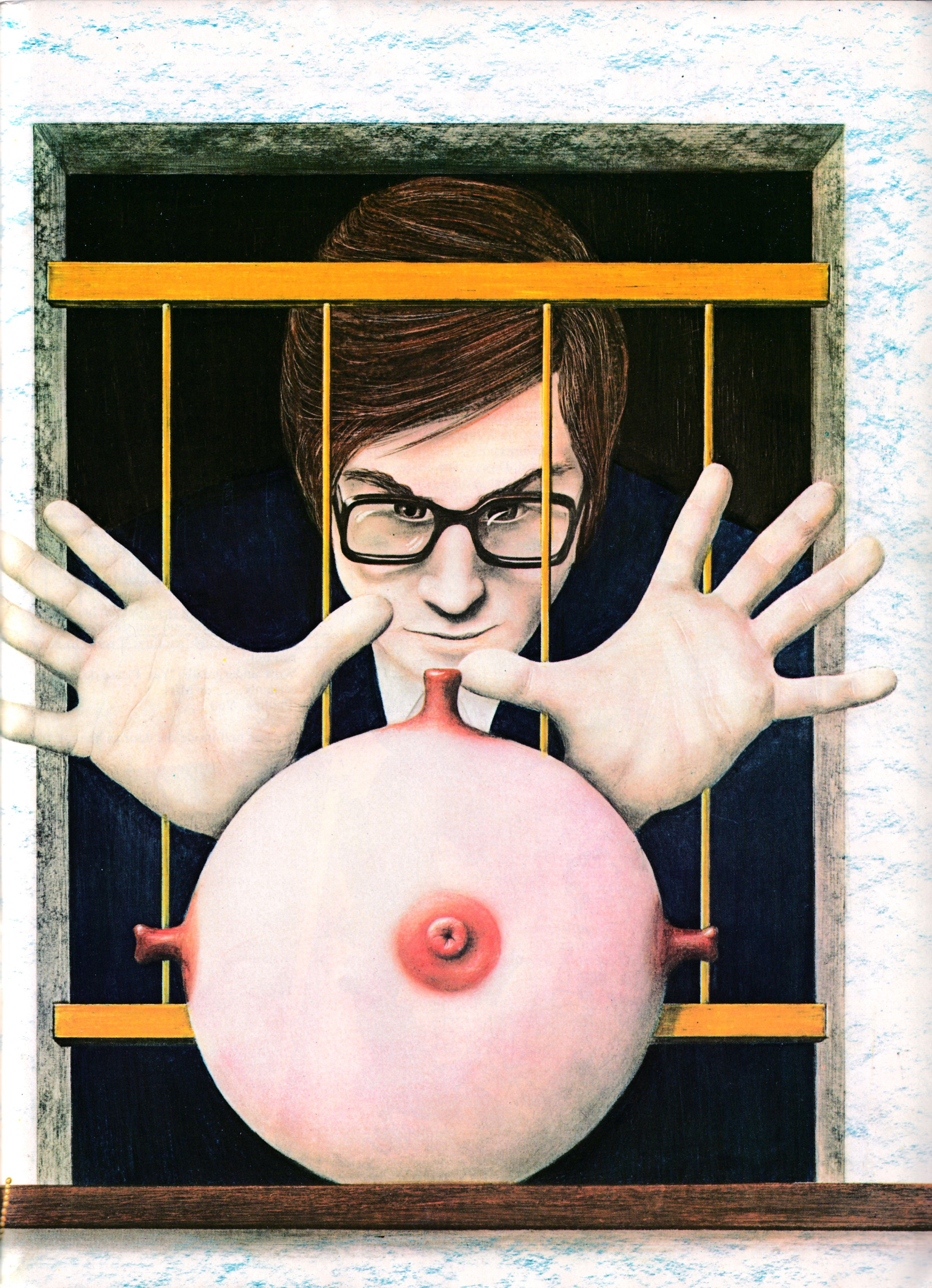
ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES



DIGBY RISING

continued from page 8

for things of a high nature. And Digby stood for things of a low nature. But Sir, I was desperate, not having had it for countless months.

Fired. Out.

But she shouldn't have stuck her stupid arse up in the air like that. Inviting me. No knickers, no tights, nothing.

Out. You're lucky there's going to be no court case. We're making no fuss.

He felt no rush now, to join that string of bleary half open mornings at 8.30 on the District Line through Earls Court and numbly onwards toward the city. Watching the thighs and short skirts of puffy faced secretaries over the top of a newspaper, and thinking, my God, they're all knackered. They're all getting it. Am I the only one in the world not getting it?

Digby had been trying to carve out a career in banking, always doing the polite thing and living alone without friends to study in the evenings.

Cut down in my prime. She came into that backroom to bend over files in a darkish corner as I worked at the window, sometimes staring across city rooftops but now at her bottom.

The clerk had eyed him asking for assistance, her tongue insolent across her lower lip, fractionally touching his body with hers, invading the territory of his lust to ask for help at the cabinet. Can you unstick the drawer?

Digby came unstuck. As bent before him a sprinkle of hair feathered between the naked half circles of her bottom. He reached forth his hand and there were giggles. Left handed his zip was easy despite the sprung bulge behind.

I was suddenly ring-a-ding and reaching for my dong.

A strangled clearing of throat from the doorway at his back as his organ sprang to bridge the gap brought Digby spinning round to face the livid popping features of the chief cashier. But sir, she's enjoying it. See how she's braced herself against the filing cabinets.

Dismissed Digby. The frozen handshake. Two days later in his Apollo space capsule, sandwiched in high West London buildings, a letter lay on the hall stand, postmarked from another town. He caught the light scent as he ripped it open, praying for words of comfort in these trying times. Dear Digby, I know you will understand. There is someone else. Byebye Digby Darling.

He felt marooned in this bedsitter belt far from home. A belt of bedsitters, he thought, with no-one in mine but me. Like a lonely space traveller in this silver laminated room with not much of a view, walls ceiling and door papered with baking foil. A one-time whim to catch the sun but now I can, if necessary, cook my own goose.

His reverie was interrupted then by a soft sound of footsteps outside the door. Rent day? The landlady prowling in her wizened weeds to make sure there are no baked beans encrusted to the gas ring?

Someone outside was knocking on the door. Silence. Digby out of bed and half into his jeans, no pinstripe flower of joy now, struggling with the new tightness around the crotch. In case it is guests.

Another sound of knuckles rapping from outside. Someone wanting to be let in.

'Hello.'

'Wow.'

'Sorry?' The girl from the stairs. Wow girl. But dressed this morning in jeans like Digby who was still pulling his on. She was holding a cup, forward, like a defence.

'Hi?'

'I wondered if you could let me have some coffee,' she softly said and smiling too, lips parted as though panting. 'I seem to have run out.'

Wow underbreath. 'Yes. Please do. I mean certainly . . . er Miss . . .'

'Phillipa. You . . .?'

'Digby.'

She was half inside the door as he took the cup from her.

'Ouch.'

'Pardon? Sorry?'

'Just caught my finger in the handle when you took it. It's all right.' That wide smile again. Girls with wide lips are sexier. Girls with wide lips are more likely to use them on . . . God. Then suddenly. 'This room is really weird . . . Digby. It's so weird. Artistic.'

Bottled up words beginning to flow from D. 'Yes. Can't open the curtains on a sunny day unless I'm wearing sun glasses. Blind me.'

She laughed.

'Think of all the food you could cook in that foil. It's a spaceship Digby. A weird spaceship.'

'Here . . . Phillipa. Coffee for you.'

'Oh, thank's a lot, Digby.'

'Yes. OK.'

'Thank you.'

Silence.

She was moving towards the door.

'Er?'

'Yes?'

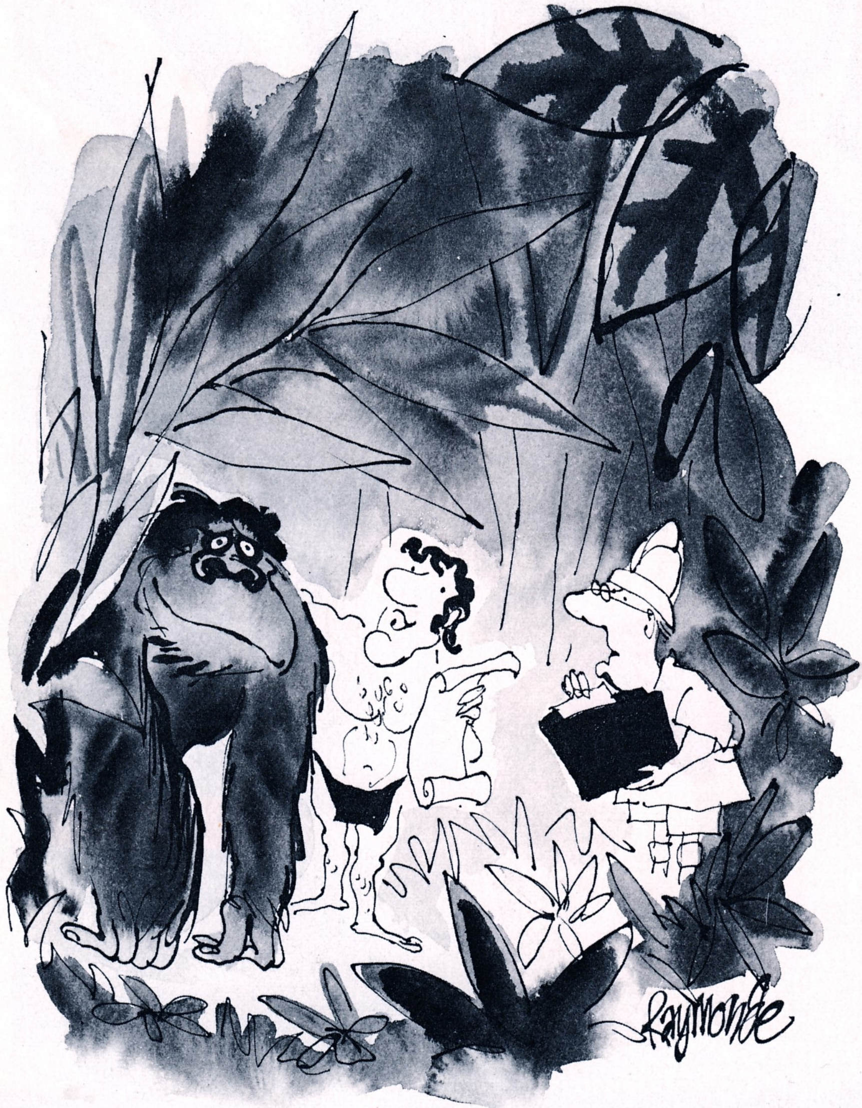
'Er. Bye.'

'Bye. I'll pay you back when I've been to the shops, Digby.'

'Oh no, it's all right. Glad you called.'

Light in her eyes, shining towards him as

turn to page 12



'Don't you see, mother – this means that you're the Dowager Lady Greystoke!'

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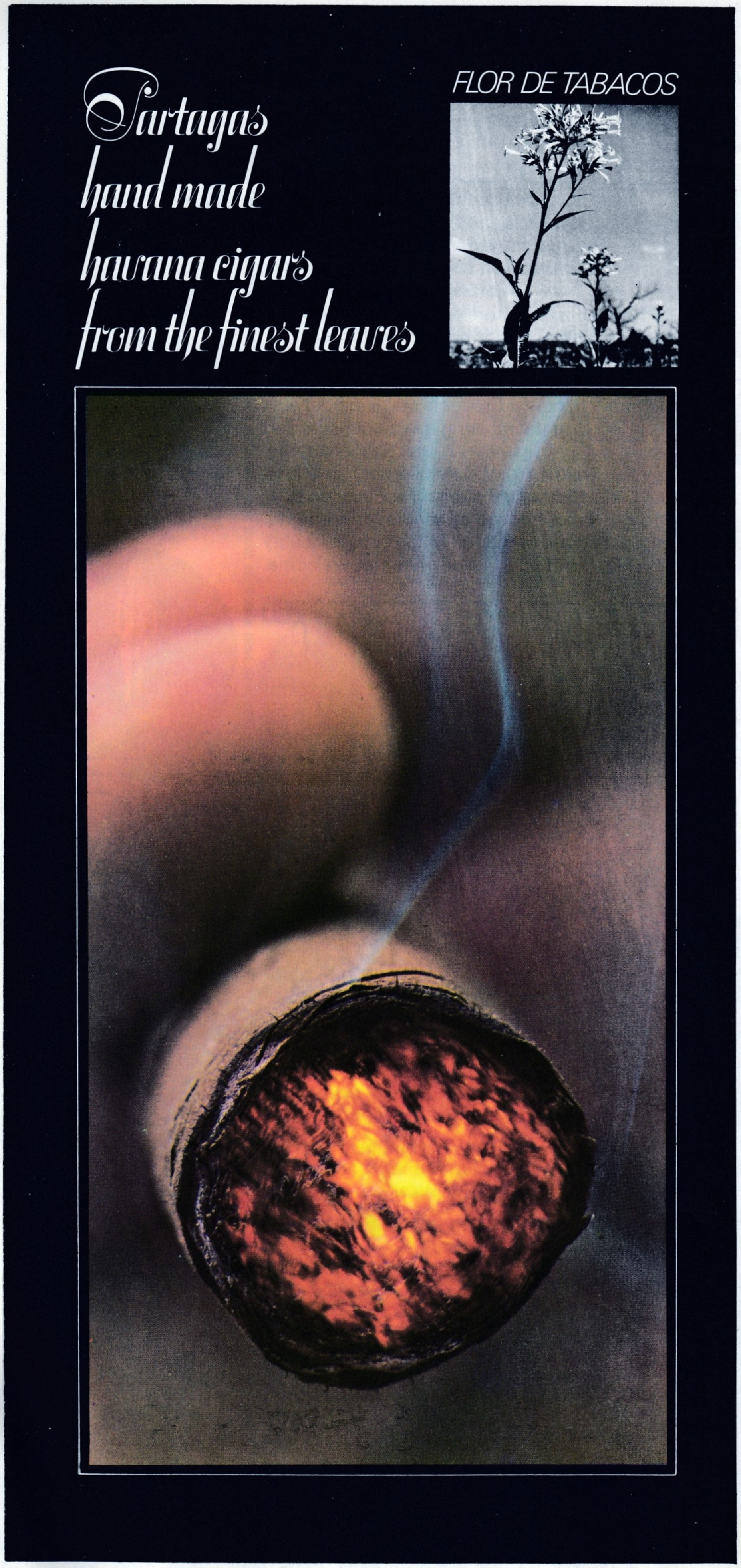

DIGBY RISING

continued from page 10

she moved out the door. Sunlight fades. Memories stir. That long sad faced feeling watching her go. Out the door.

'Oh, Digby?' She was looking back at him. Jump. Heartbeats sounding through the thickness of my chest. Please stay, don't go away.

'Tell you what. I'll put the coffee on and you can come down and join me . . . seeing as it's your coffee. Yes?'

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

'Five minutes then. The door at the bottom of the stairs.' And she was gone, an ankle disappearing outside the bottom of the door.

Through the silver papered door, close it, counting each step nearer down the stairs.

'Is that you, Digby?' A voice through the door.

'Yes, it's me.'

Me and my lust and my need for you, all three of us.

'Come in then.'

She was sitting at a small table, two mugs steaming. One with street names on the side in black against the white, the other a blue one with silver stripes. She was smoking a cigarette, tapping it nervously against the rim of a fluted glass ashtray with Senior Service inscribed in blue. A brown pot of sugar with a lid and spoon sticking out. Sun through the window. A large bay-windowed room with long green curtains and a low wide bed. A soft feeling of female smell. He looked guiltily away from the bed. A kitchenette in the alcove to his left.

'Thanks.' He smiled. She wore jeans and a tight thick sweater and her breasts were points stretching forward out of it.

'Sit down, Digby.'

Her soft voice, her eyelashes and pink lips, the way she spoke.

'Thank you. Thanks Phillipa.'

Slowly sipping the hot coffee, spooning sugar in.

'Cheers,' she said. 'Thanks for the coffee.'

'Cheers,' said Digby. 'For the coffee, thanks.'

'Haha.'

'Hum,' he said, grinning at her.

'Digby you're very different.'

'Am I? I am?'

'Oh, Digby, you're a very quiet sort of person aren't you.'

'Well, I suppose I am. I don't rush about doing things much, I suppose.' Surprised by his own honesty.

'Why don't you grow your hair long, Digby? It'd suit you better. You have a sort of face that goes with long hair. Why is it short?'

'It's a long story . . .'

'So, tell me.'

He did. There were parts he left out, but he was surprised at his own fluency.

'Gosh, Digby, the sack and the push. So what are you going to do now?'

'The dole.'

'Right,' she said. 'Then you can grow your

turn to page 90

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By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members and we warn purchasers of its revealing nature.

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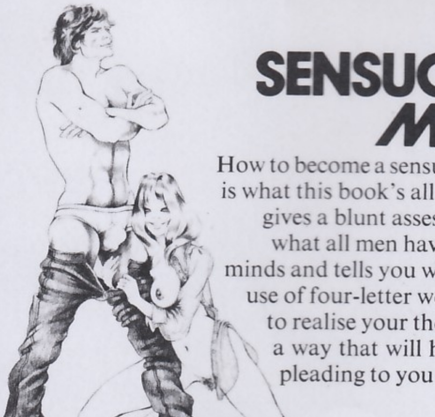

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Here are 41 colour and 400 black and white plates of the supremely erotic in art. This work – covering a subject forbidden for so long – is an astounding catalogue of man's sexual fantasies recorded by the world's artists. Compare the explicit sensual art of Japan with the fetish of stockings and suspender belt. Even today, most of these pictures could never be shown in any magazine.

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This book is a portfolio of photographs, in both black and white and colour, that show young men and girls in a variety of poses and assembled into a nude and erotic ballet of artistic acceptance. When this book was first published, the positions of the nude men and women and the free display of the pubic area made it an 'underground' classic but today we can now offer its content to a much broader readership than was possible before.

Price £3.65

This book contains no illustrations

SURROGATE WIFE

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M84

MURDEROUS MICKY MANNOCK-

'Remember,' he told his pilots. 'To fight is not enough. You must kill'.

In many ways Major Edward 'Mick' or 'Micky' Mannock is the forgotten ace of the First World War. He held a lofty position on the scoreboard with 73 confirmed victories and was the top-ranking British ace in the terms of confirmed number of enemy aircraft shot down. He is only overtaken in this particular field by the Frenchman, Fonck, with 75 and the noble Richthofen with his 80. Despite all this he is little known today and at the time of his savage onslaught against the Hun he was almost unheard of.

To some extent the official British policy in giving no formal recognition to aces and 'élite squadrons' may be regarded as responsible, but it is strange to think that, unlike Britain's Ball or McCudden, Mannock was never appreciated by anyone outside the confines of his service, and even in that quarter recognition came only slowly.

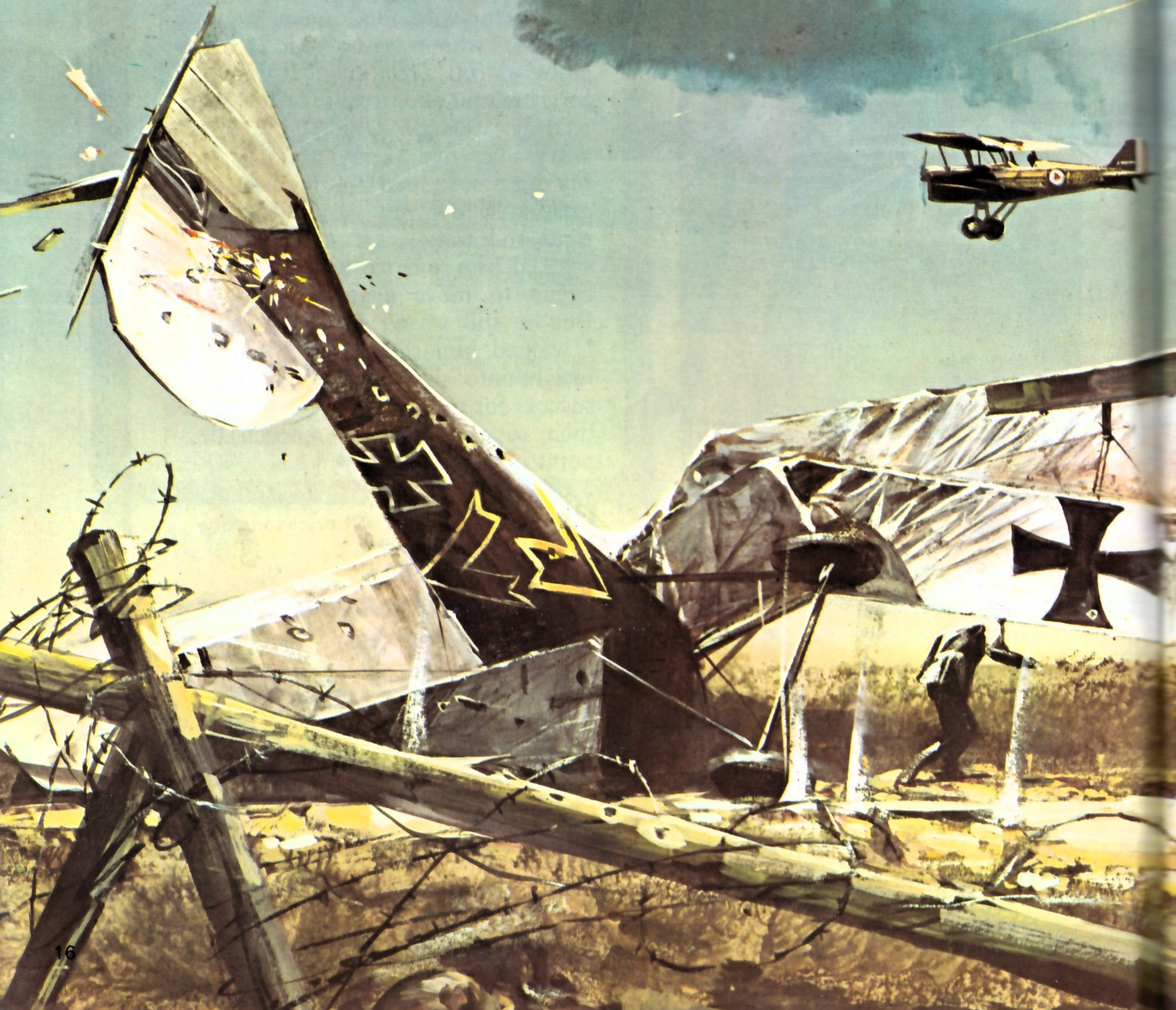
Yet he is Britain's principal contender for the title 'Greatest Ace of Them All', holder of the Victoria Cross and sundry other trinkets including *three* DSOs and a brace of MCs.

Even so, his Victoria Cross was not awarded until a year after his death and then only after considerable lobbying by his fellow fliers. The official history of the Royal Flying Corps barely gives him a mention and he had to wait until 1934 before anyone considered him worth a biography. Then, once again, it was a pilot from one of his own outfits who wrote it. All this was as Mannock would have wished it. He never sought fame nor hungered after decorations and in all his letters there are only two references to the size of his score in relation to that of other pilots.

Only Boelcke the German ace, comes near him as a tutor for young and inexperienced pilots and, like Boelcke, Mannock was one of the very few combatant members of his service to give any serious thought to the tactical side of formation flying and the deployment of fighter aircraft in attack.

Looking at a photograph of Edward

turn to page 18



BRITAIN'S TOP SCORING AIR ACE

Gerald Rawling examines one of the Great War's most ruthless air fighters

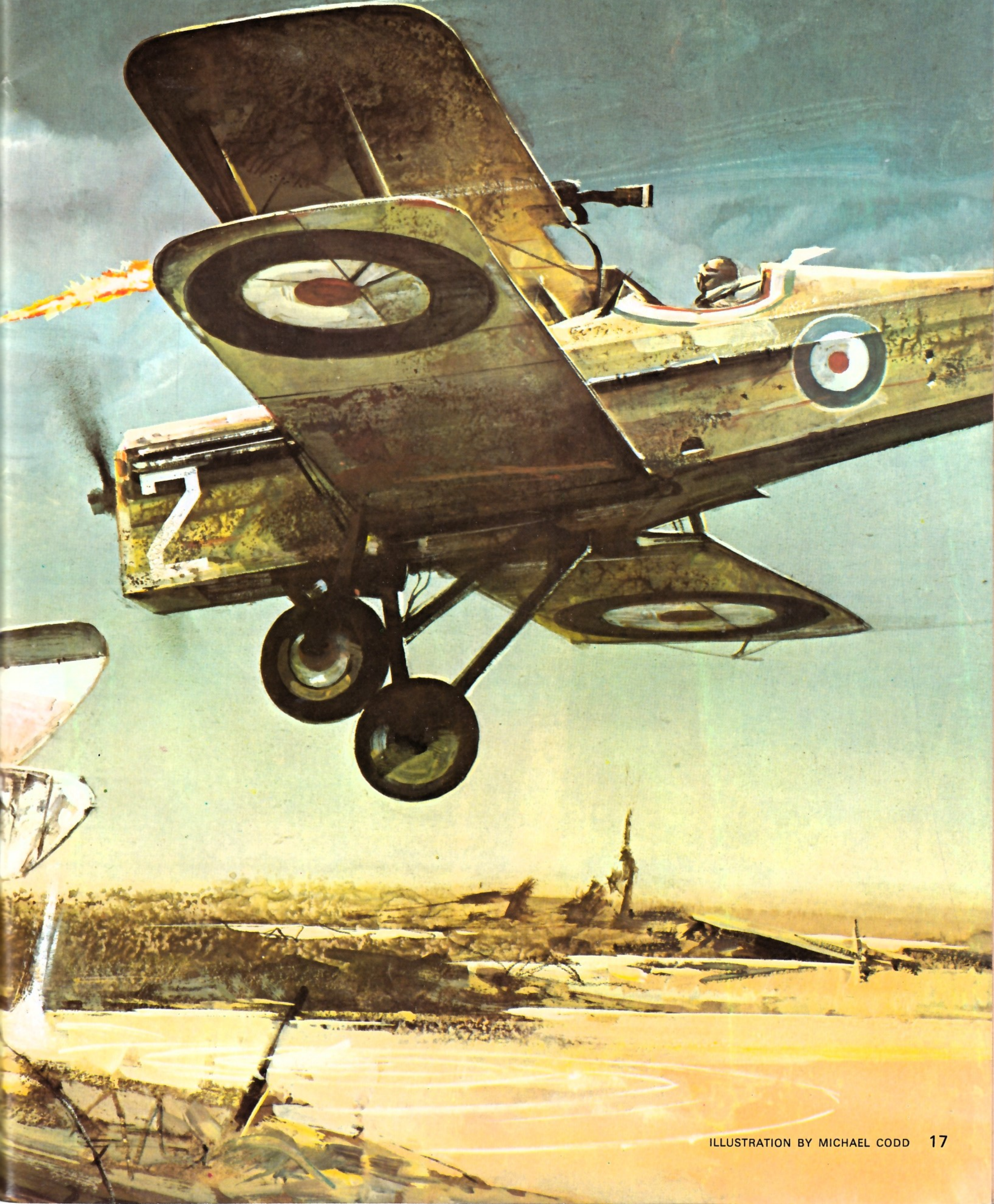


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

MURDEROUS MICKY MANNOCK

continued from page 16

Mannock, it is difficult to imagine him as the ruthless destroyer of 73 enemy aeroplanes – and a good many more that he never claimed. He could have passed for the Gregory Peck of his day. Adorned with the forage cap of the Royal Flying Corps, the handsome, rather sullen, but boyish face stares solemnly at the camera with the sixth form public school prefect look of a Ball or a Rhys-Davids. But he was thirty years of age, pretty old for an RFC pilot, and what scanty formal education he had received was almost entirely in a barrack schoolroom in India. Certainly he started life with few advantages.

He was born on May 24, 1887 at Brighton, the third child of a regular corporal in the 2nd Dragoons (the Royal Scots Greys); an elder brother and sister preceded him, two younger sisters followed. The family were frequently on the move – from Brighton to Dublin, London, India and finally to Canterbury, where his father deserted them for good. By this time Mick was 12 and his mother, with five children to support, badly needed money and he soon had to cut short his education to start earning a living. There followed a succession of jobs – greengrocer's delivery boy, office clerk and finally a position with the National Telephone Company at Wellingborough as an outdoor linesman. Here he rapidly settled in to the local community and established a life-long friendship with his landlord, Jim Eyles.

Early in 1914, he borrowed some capital from the Eyles family and worked his passage on a tramp steamer to Turkey where he managed to secure a promising post with an English telephone company based in Constantinople. But the new venture was doomed to failure. Only months after his arrival, Turkey threw in her lot with the Central Powers and Mannock was promptly incarcerated in a prisoner of war camp in Stamboul. His persistent attempts at escape were rewarded with solitary confinement and a diet of black bread and water. Never a robust man physically, his health began to suffer to a point where the Turks eventually decided to repatriate him on the grounds of age, ill health and defective eyesight. The Turkish authorities sent him home on April 1, 1915.

Mannock returned to England soured and embittered by his experiences. He immediately enlisted in the RAMC, joining the 2/3rd Home Counties Field Ambulance Company of which he had been a Territorial member before the war. He was promoted to sergeant almost at once, but the seed of hatred for the Germans was already germinating and he soon decided that the non-combatant duties of the Medical Corps were not for him. He applied for, and obtained on April 1, 1916, a commission in the Royal Engineers since he had decided, as he put it, 'to become a Tunnelling Officer and blow the bastards up. The higher they go and the more pieces that come down, the happier I shall be.'

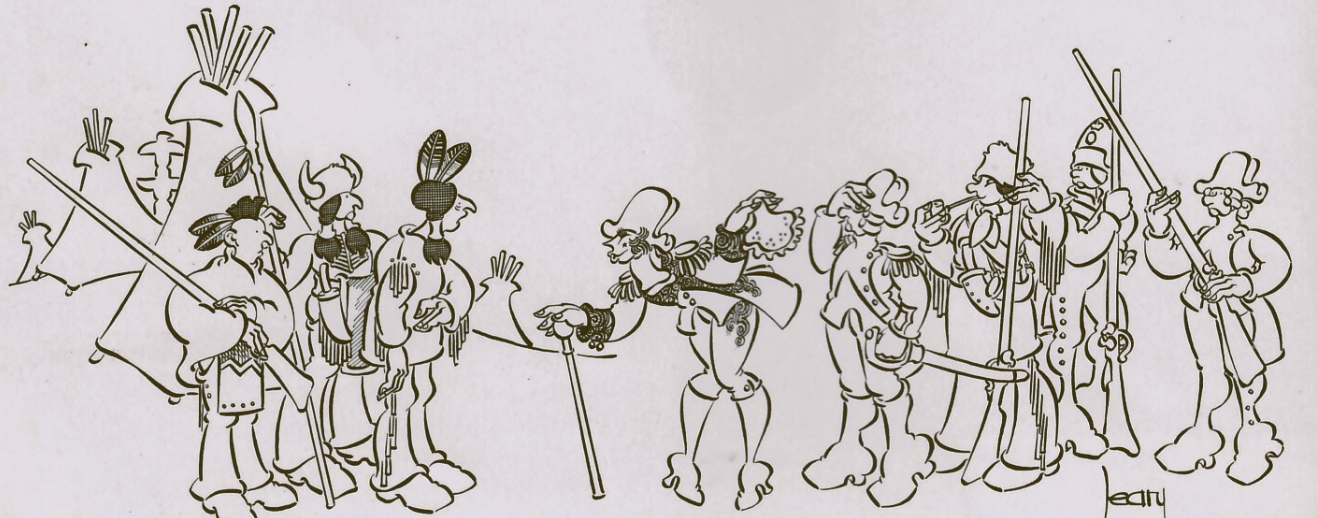
He soon found, however, that the Royal Engineers did not provide him with the opportunities he was looking for and it was while at their Cadet School in Fenny Stratford that he began to think about a flying career. There must have been many other young men with thoughts of joining the RFC that summer of 1916. This was the year of Albert Ball who blazed briefly across the skies of the Western Front giving a real meaning to the term 'offensive spirit'. Mannock applied for his transfer and got it, even managing to pass the rigorous medical examination despite a congenital astigmatic defect of the left eye which ought to have thrown him out at once. Informed historians take the view that the sight chart was momentarily revealed before the test and Mannock memorised the details with his good eye. The transfer delighted him and he wrote in his diary that he could have kissed the adjutant who gave him the news, even though he had 'the most repulsive "mug" of any man that I ever met.'

'Now for the Bosche!' he wrote. 'I am going to strive to become a scout pilot like Ball. Watch me. I wonder what fate has in store?' Fate was to favour him for a considerable distance along the later course of his short and eventful life.

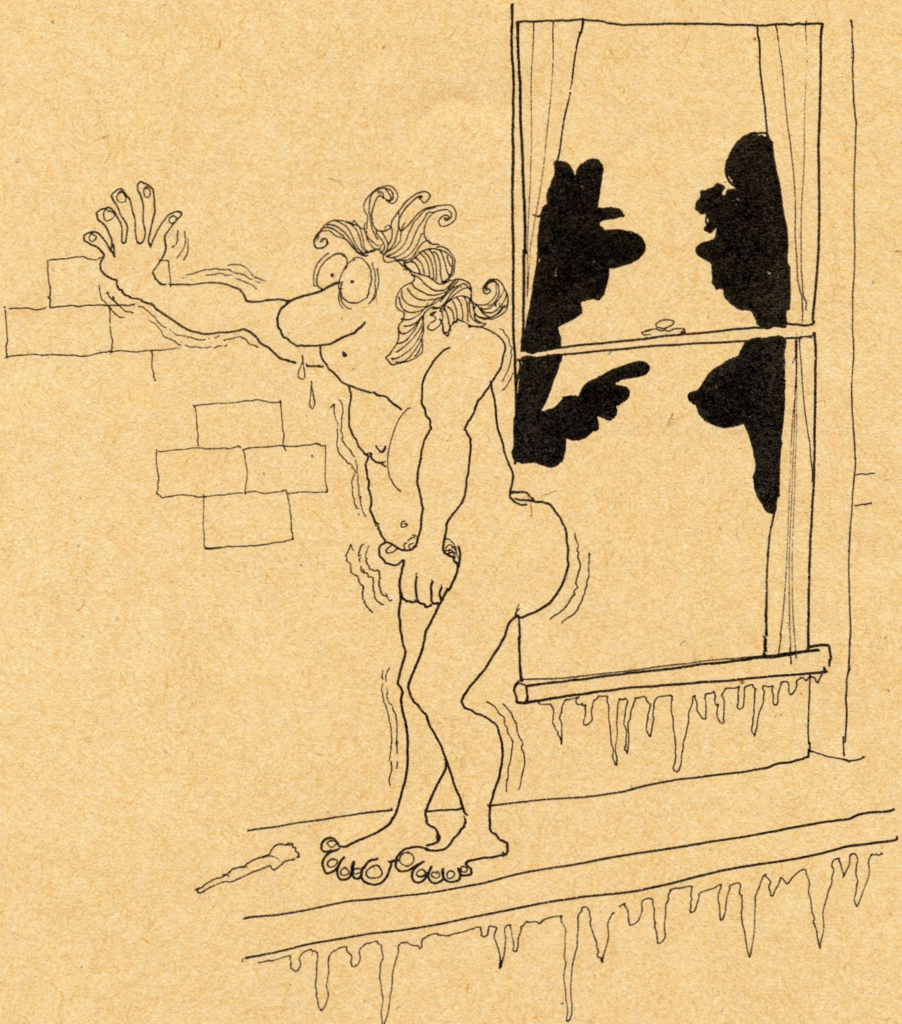
The obligatory training period which followed was a frustrating time for Mannock in that it prevented him from getting out to the Front where he could kill Huns. Only the theory of flight and machine gunnery appealed to him as subjects – everything else was a waste of time. He proved, however, to be a pilot of natural ability and almost from the start threw the machine about with confident abandon. But he was weak on landings as a great many other air aces were, Richthofen and Voss included. In the words of his biographer, he was a 'poor pilot in the aerodrome sense of the term'. At last, after an advanced training course on DH2s at Joyce Green – where he met and formed a close friendship with another ace, James McCudden – he finally got his overseas posting to No. 40 Squadron RFC at Aire.

Mannock's arrival in France in early April 1917 coincided with the first exchange of artillery in the Battle of Arras. For the Royal Flying Corps it was a bad time, christened then, and known ever since, as Bloody April. The new German scout aircraft, the D type Albatros, had by this time reached the Jagdstaffeln in quantity. It was a machine which thoroughly outclassed anything the Allies could put into the air. This was the month – indeed the year – of Richthofen who, in Bloody April alone, added some 21 victories to his ever-increasing total. For Mannock it was fortunate that he was allocated to a squadron equipped with the Nieuport 17, a highly successful and popular French

turn to page 35



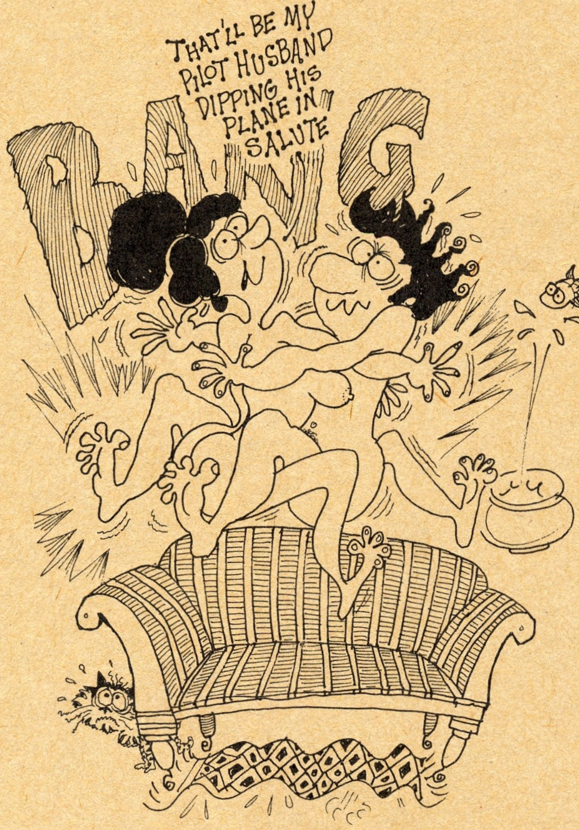
'But I am the Great White Queen from across the water, sweetie!'



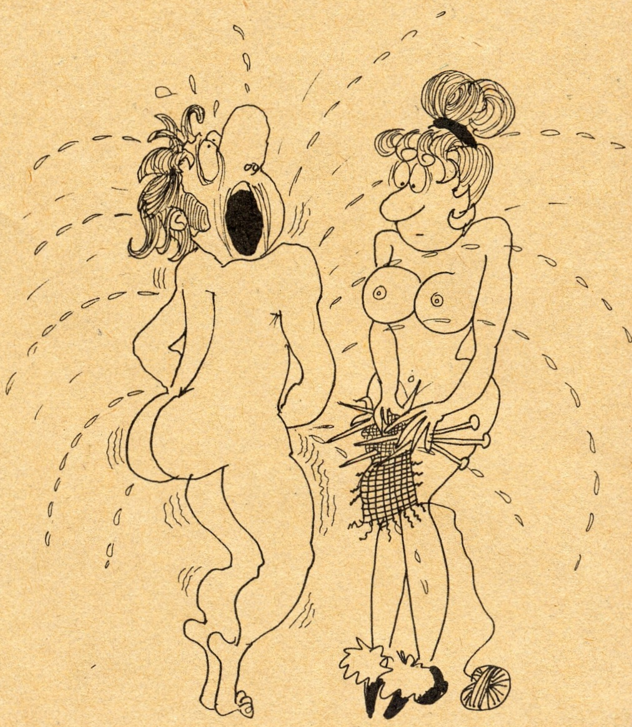
The policy does not cover damage by frost

ARE YOU FULLY COVERED?

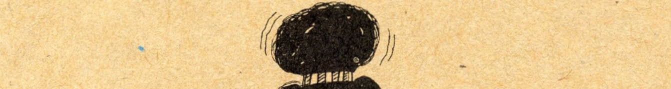
Peter Maddocks lets his randy imagination loose on the tortuous language of insurance and comes up with some eventualities the small print might have missed


THAT'LL BE MY PILOT HUSBAND DIPPING HIS PLANE IN SALUTE
BANG

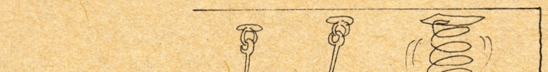
The company is not liable for damage by sonic bang



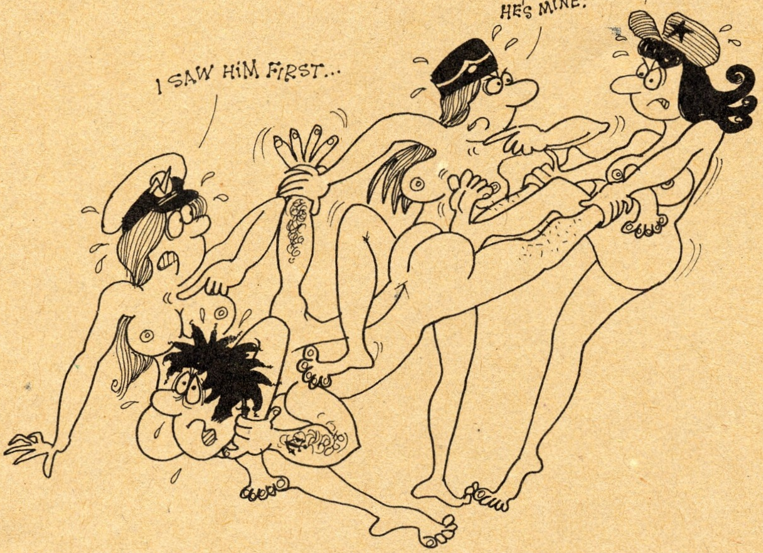
This agreement does not cover malfunction of the sprinkler system



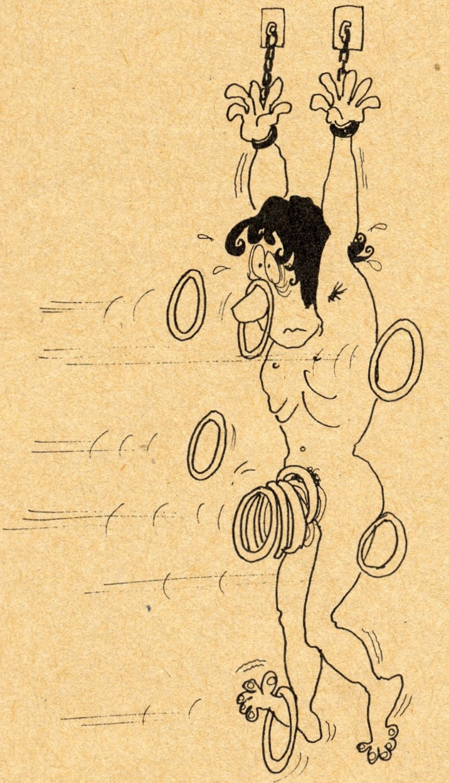
Special risk clauses attach to members of H.M. Forces on active service



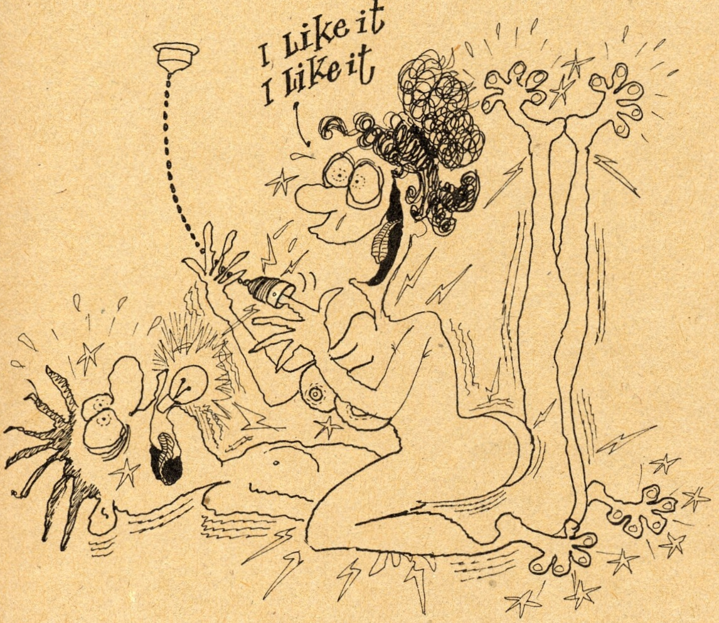
A claim is nullified by the use of any fraudulent devices


I SAW HIM FIRST...
HE'S MINE!
MINE!

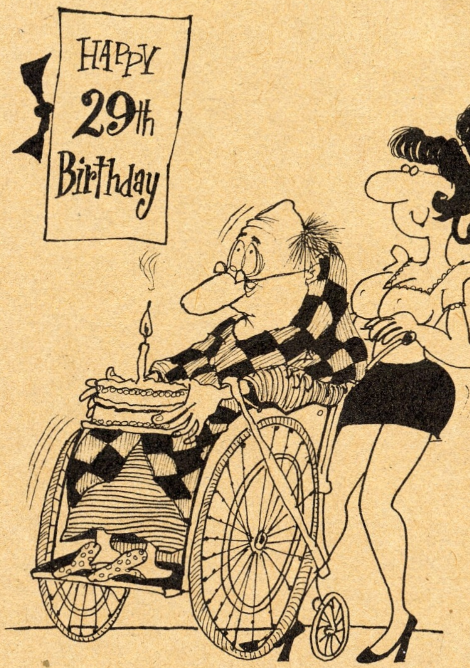
Invasion or act of foreign enemy renders it invalid



The insured is deemed incapacitated when confined to his house


I Like it
I Like it

The policy excludes damage caused by abnormal currents and self-heating appliances


HAPPY
29th
Birthday

No liability can be entertained for fair wear and tear

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

On the morning of February 18, 1971, David Alan Kepesh, a 38 years old native of New York, felt a right tit.

It was hardly the culminating moment of his three year affair with Claire, a stable and beautiful school teacher. Though he might have found warning, had he but known, in the last three weeks of their normal relationship when a previously waning sexual appetite returned with such sudden passionate sensation that he found himself positively writhing with pleasure as he entered her, clawing at the sheets, licking Claire's ear in ecstasy, her hair, his own shoulder, almost crying with pleasure . . . And his happy friend, hair stringy with perspiration (and, one supposes, saliva), only smiled.

Nor was it the expected result of five years under psychoanalysis, the necessary healing process, Kepesh had reckoned, of a 'Grand Guignol marriage', though subsequently there were to be all manner of psychoanalytical explanations. Not even our hero's devout hypochondria, practised assiduously throughout an adult life replete with the usual changes in body temperature and system irregularity, led Kepesh to anticipate so complete a transformation – though, to be sure, he had been perplexed the night before by a cherry pink stain on the flesh at the base of his penis.

Yet, as I say, David Alan Kepesh, fit and trim, still possessed of most of his own hair and all his own teeth, that morning felt a right tit.

Not only that morning. At the time when his story first came to light, he's been feeling a right tit (or it may be a left one) for some fifteen months.

Literally.

For he's the hero of a new novella by Philip 'Portnoy's Complaint' Roth. Remember Portnoy? – The tireless masturbator (theme song: He's got his whole world in his hands). This new literary character has undergone a different route to sexual experience. He has actually turned into a female breast.

A six feet long, fifteen stone one pound, spongy stimulatable, melon-shaped breast, with a five-inch long rosy pink cylindrical nipple at one end – through which he now speaks, hears, and above all, feels. Brother, does he feel!

And not only a right tit.

In fact, the story of **The Breast** (Cape, £1.50) is a tale of self-adjustment (by which I don't mean your dress, before leaving), of grappling with unfamiliar unpalatable reality, of defiance in the face of the physical facts, of grief, of desire, of frantic overwhelming desire, of plotting and of hope. In short, all human life is here.

Yet, withal, this man has become one big mammary gland surrounded by the usual cushions of fat and tissue, and appropriately erogenous, in fact 155 pounds of erogenous zone, sensitive to touch and just wild about kissing.

The nearest David Alan Kepesh can get to understanding his plight is to imagine his girl, Claire, turned into a 69-inch penis. Well, he *is* a 72-inch breast.

The explanation for it all in the typically virtuoso style of Philip Roth's new scandalous wordspinning performance is that medically speaking a 'massive hormonal influx', or it may be 'an endocrinopathic catastrophe', or even 'a hermaphroditic explosion of chromosomes' took place in the early hours of that February morning. Since then, Kepesh has been in hospital receiving the best care that medical fascination can provide. For example, his morning wash, best when administered by a female nurse, raises mere cleanliness to quite ungodly heights:

'Once again as my "face" was washed I began to feel the sort of sensations that accompany erotic play, but this time I permitted them to envelop me. When she began to rub me with oil, I whispered "That feels nice." I could now feel each of her fingers touching me; then something was moving on me in slow, easy circles. The soft palm of her hand. "Oh, oh" I cried, as that exquisite sense of imminence that precedes a perfect ejaculation pervaded my whole being, "oh that does feel so good!" And then I began to sob uncontrollably and had eventually to be put to sleep.'

As the weeks went by, these gentle ministrations became Kepesh's only consolations – you'll have guessed that his 5-inch nipple had been his penis in his previously normal incarnation. He lies in a hammock throughout each day, swaying softly about, perfectly suspended, and drifting off to sleep as only the most sated breast in the world, softened nipple and all, knows how.

Of course, medical science is utterly absorbed in the case. That accounts for all the extra-special attention Kepesh gets – though he never knows for certain whether he's getting his kicks (or, rather, strokes) in the privacy of his private hospital ward – or under glass in a Fifth Avenue store window or in Madison Square Garden . . . He protests, he bemoans his fate, he makes bitter jokes. He thinks, psychologically analytical, that he's taken this mammary form to cheat the only enemy he's ever been afraid of, to avoid for ever the clutches of Death.

Yet what is there for Kepesh to live for now?

Well, if nothing else, there's Claire, the loving school-marm as no Western movie ever envisaged her. She turns up trumps. She had been, in the matory experience of Kepesh

This historic picture, taken from Norton Story price £2.80 and published by Patrick Stephens, shows James L. Norton (right) who gave his name to the most famous motor cycle in the world. The occasion was the start of the first ever Tourist Trophy race in 1907. The book describes in a plain and straightforward style the history of the Norton motor cycle. It is a marvellous nostalgic re-run for all who love the marque. Of particular interest are the photographs covering 1907 to 1972.

the lover, a girl of robust and eminently arousable instincts, a delight to look at, orgasmically pleasureable by her lover's tongue – but loth to return the compliment. Imagine Kepesh's happy surprise, then, when she showed herself not only ready to suggest and actually initiate playing manually with her transformed lover's ever-ready nipple to give him sensual delight – but ready to go farther yet.

'David dearest,' she asks, after an hour of his incoherent conversation, 'what is it you want? Do you want me to put my mouth on it?' Yes, he cries – and yes, she does – and later Kepesh confesses guiltily to his psychoanalyst:

'It's too much to ask. It's too awful. I have to stop this. I want her to do it all the time, every minute she's here. I don't want her to read to me – I don't even listen. I don't even want to talk any more. I just want her to squeeze me and suck me and lick me. I can't get enough of it.'

For months Kepesh persists uncontrollably in his lewd ways, in the face, you might say, of each morning's masturbatory ablutions. He tries to *tolerate* his desire, but finds that impossible. The hospital staff finally decide to help him, though not assuage his wants, by applying a local anaesthetic spray before the actual washing takes place with all its inevitable though inadvertent caresses, and to appoint henceforth a *male* nurse. That last detail does the necessary trick. For the homosexual taboo keeps Kepesh firmly down. And of course, there remains the practical reality of Claire, her lips tight over the seventeen apertures of her lover's nipple for half of every hour they spend together (can that be right? surely he's the one that spends . . .) The other half, they listen to recordings of Shakespeare's plays.

And the rest of his waking time? David Alan Kepesh dreams of freedom, of going on show to make hundreds of thousands of dollars, which he'll then spend on girls, six at a time all licking his nipple at once, naked and giggling, stroking and sucking for days on end, women who will open their thighs to receive his new and exciting erotic gift.

Well, even a breast can dream. What else *is* there to do – but feel a right tit.

SEX SHOP
BOOKS
STRIP SHOW
PEEP
BUSTY
POLICE
VICE SQUAD NUDE JIG-SAW DIVISION
LAHR

FILMS

David Quinlan

Alan J. Pakula, who made *Pookie* and *Klute*, reveals himself as the incurable romantic one always suspected he was in **Love, Pain and the Whole Damn Thing** (AA). This has a breathtakingly good performance by Maggie Smith as a dying spinster who finds unlikely romance on a package tour of Spain with a 20 year old American boy (Timothy Bottoms). He, like her, is one of life's misfits, forever trying to escape his father's reputation.

Whether getting stuck in the loo, becoming gloriously drunk as she attempts suicide, or getting laid by the boy – 'think of the generation gap!' – Miss Smith is so good as to boggle the mind. Mr Bottoms, a promising if muttering American with the voice of Dustin Hoffman and the looks of Ryan O'Neal, does well, but is almost obliterated by comparison.

The script, like the film, is more than a little potty, especially towards the end when a lunatic count tries to seduce the spinster. But, to incurable romantics like me, it's nice for once to have what I *think* is a happy ending.

Superfly (X) shows the blacker side of black in an underground world amid the ghettoes of the city, where getting a coke has nothing to do with Pepsi. Ron O'Neal, a kind of coloured Burt Reynolds, is the pusher who wants to get out with one big push – a million dollars' worth of cocaine to be sold in four months. How he tries to do it, avoiding assassination by 'the man', forms the core of this sick, immoral and very powerful crime story.

Not to be admired perhaps – although you may care to stay and admire Sheila Frazier, who shares a grindingly sexy and incredibly uncensored love scene with O'Neal in a suitably roomy bath. When O'Neal moves in on her, the action soon begins, and even the suds are squeezed out of the way as he caresses her wet buttocks before gripping them, to lift her on to his skeleton key.

Some of the acting, especially from Carl Lee as O'Neal's fair-weather crap-shooting friend, is grittily good, though the dialogue belongs strictly in the dustbins that litter the streets of the ghettoes. Screenwriter Philip Fenty packs his lines with four-letter words, but they can't shore up the sagging sentiments of his almost amateurish script.

Television comic Reg Varney, of *On the Buses* fame, makes a bold attempt at straight acting in **The Best Pair of Legs in the Business** (AA) a no-punches-pulled story of a non-homosexual drag artist, feeling his age, who has seemingly reached the end of the line as a comic at a caravan holiday camp.

His son has virtually disowned him, his wife (Diana Coupland) is about to leave him for the manager of the camp (Lee Montague). His only friends seem to be a couple of teases (Penny Spencer and Clare Sutcliffe) who spend most of their time trying to avoid getting into bed with a pair of likely lads.

This was originally a television play – and looks it. The big screen only draws attention to the deficiencies of the dialogue, which throws shock words by the dozen, but only succeeds in making the film unbelievable, unpleasant and embarrassing by turns. Credit and sympathy for Varney, who really has come up with something different, though heaven knows what his fans will make of it.

Meanwhile, that ever-improving master of comedy, Dean Jones, puts in his thumb and deservedly pulls out another Disney plum in **Snowball Express** (U) which is quite the funniest comedy I've seen in years. Jones plays the father of a family which is willed a dilapidated hotel in snowbound Colorado. They emigrate *en masse*, complete with a cowardly St Bernard named Stoutheart, described as 'a 200-lb chicken' by Jones' wife (Nancy Olson).

Jones wears his crumpled expression to good effect and the laughs come thick and fast both before and after he decides to turn the hotel into a ski-lodge. The description of Jones' first disaster on skis is even funnier than the actual event, which is going some. Go and see it to appreciate its witty dialogue and hilarious visuals to the full. It may not be every Mayfairer's cup of tea, but I can only say that it cheered me up no end.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Focus are a four man band from Holland with a high standard of craftsmanship inherent in their work. **Focus III** (Polydor superdouble 2659 016) is a double album which shows they have strong musical direction. The sound alternates from busy and frantic to peaceful and serene. The space on the four sides is used effectively, Answers? Questions! Questions? Answers! takes up a whole side, and 'Anonymous II' overflows from side 3 on to the beginning of side 4. Jan Akkerman plays a piece of Elizabethan lute music 'Elspeth of Nottingham', which suggests that he has listened to Julian Bream. Thijs van Leer plays organ, piano, sax, flute and harpischord. The various instruments add colour, and give Focus a further dimension to the perspectives of their sound. The album is all the better for its contrasts and subtleties.

Focus have tremendous potential; these recordings were made in London just as they were gaining recognition, and it will be interesting to see their talents expand.

The Marx brothers films are famous for Groucho's unique blend of insulting wit. His innate sense of timing and verbal delivery are perfect. **An evening with Groucho** (A&M AMLS 6003) is a specially priced double LP recorded live at Carnegie Hall. It is a collection of songs including, 'Hello, I must be going', 'Show me a rose', and the hilarious 'Lydia, the tattooed lady', interspersed with humorous anecdotes about such diverse personalities as, Sarah Bernhardt, T. S. Eliot, and W. C. Fields. Groucho is a great comedian, and although the record is reminiscent, the old Marx brothers wit shines through.

Nobody's impartial about Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band. If you never really got into his earlier recordings don't let that put you off **Clear Spot** (Reprise K54007) his latest album. This is more subdued, although tracks like 'Low Yo Yo Stuff', 'Sun Zoom Spark', and 'Big Eyed Beans from Venus' have the familiar Beefheart growling and groaning. Others like 'My Head is My Only House Unless it Rains' are sensitive and almost gentle. His Magic Band build a solid platform for the Captain's vocal dexterity, driving and funky, surging along.

Deep Purple are essentially a 'live' band, they are all fine instrumentalists, but their studio recordings never caught the energy and vigour that they manage to create on stage. **Made in Japan** (EMI TPSP 351) is a double album recorded during the group's first visit to Japan last summer. Most of the numbers are extended versions of tracks from the 'Machine Head' album. 'Space Truckin' takes up a whole side and gives each member of the group a chance to get in some nice lengthy instrumental solos. Ritchie Blackmore plays some incredibly fast guitar and John Lord's imaginative organ work gives the band an interesting sound. This is Purple's polished, blend of rock at its best, and with the added verve of a live performance.

The History of Fairport Convention (Island) is a double album which records the changes Fairport Convention have been through in their five years of existence. They have successfully managed to combine the elements of folk music and rock. The most memorable and outstanding tracks from their earlier albums are included on these four sides. From 'What we did on our holidays' they've chosen 'Meet on the Ledge', Sandy Denny's beautiful song 'Fotheringay', and Ashley Hutchings' rockin' 'Mr. Lacey'. The traditional 'Sailors life' is from the 'Unhalfbricking' album. The LP 'Liege and Lief' had a strong folk-rock element, but their later albums have a closer affinity with traditional material. 'Walk Awhile' and 'Sloth', on which there is some beautiful guitar playing by Richard Thomson, are from the 'Full House' LP. Dave Swarbrick's remarkable performance of 'Bonny Black Hare' is from 'Angel Delight', 'John Lee', 'Breakfast in Mayfair' and 'Hanging Song' are from 'Babbacombe Lee' and there are two jigs from the new album. The variations of style on this double LP are not evident on any one of their earlier recordings. On the cover there is a family tree so that you can trace who did what and when.

Skin Alley are a lively, tight and funky rock band. **Two Quid Deal** (Transatlantic TRA 260) is their first album for two years. They play well together and have energy and empathy, but need some fresh ideas. Nick Graham who plays bass, flute and piano, was formerly with Atomic Rooster. Appearing at clubs and festivals has gained them an impressive following and this album should help them reach a wider audience.

Everything about Nina Simone's album **Emergency Ward!** (RCA Victor SF 8304-LSP 4757) suggests sincerity combined with emotional depth. Her performance of George Harrison's 'My Sweet Lord' is moving and beautiful. She also sings another of George Harrison's songs, the powerfully poignant 'Isn't it a Pity'. She can create a tense and dramatic atmosphere, her voice is strong and gutsy and the timing is effective.

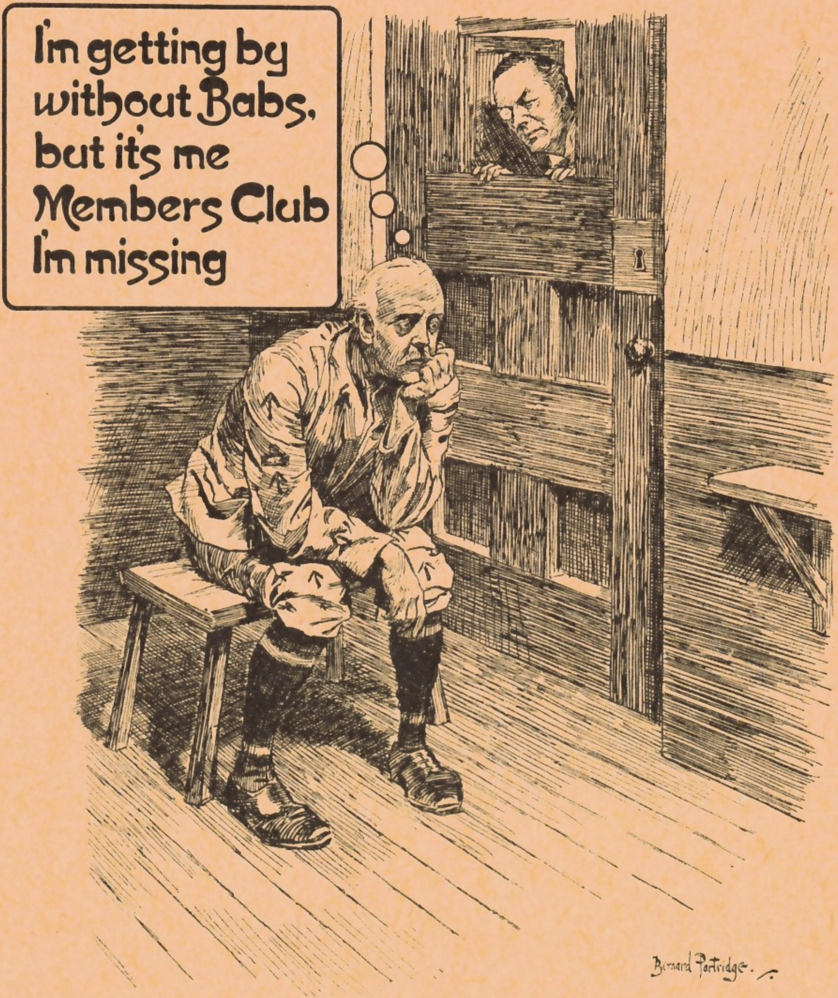
The sound of Stack waddy was suitable for the overcrowded sweaty clubs in which they played fierce powerful rock. **Bugger Off!** (Dandelion Super 2310 231) is the farewell album on which their uncompromising brand of music is preserved. As a 'live' band Stack waddy were fairly popular but on record their sound is too rough and ready. There's hardly a touch of sensitivity throughout, and generally the material is limited and derivative.

Marc Bolan was making some nice music as Tyrannosaurus Rex in the days before 'Get it on'. **A Beard of Stars/Unicorn** (Cube TOOFA 9) is a double album re-release at £2.40. Unicorn is a more gentle record with Marc on acoustic guitar and Steve Peregrin Took on Bongos and assorted percussion. The album is rich in poetic imagery. A Beard of Stars features Micky Finn on drums, tabla, bass, and finger cymbals. A lot of tracks still have that dreamy quality but others are out and out rock. 'Elemental Child' develops into a noisy crescendo with electric guitar and pounding bass.

Another worthwhile re-release is David Bowie's **The man who sold the World** (RCA LSP 4816) this record shows just how good he was when most of us dismissed his efforts as camp gimmickery. It is full of observations and opinions on various aspects of society. The album is not musically brilliant, but entertaining.

John Fahey has an unusual guitar style and his music is something of an acquired taste, **America** (Sonet SNTF 628) is an album of guitar instrumentals. The mood throughout is melancholy and there is a feel of frightened, vibrant, consciousness translated into sound. Each piece promises to develop into intricate highlights, but the promise is never fulfilled and you are left feeling there is something lacking.

Graham Bond's Organisation was very popular on the club circuit in the sixties, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker both played with him before forming Cream. Bond & Brown **Two Heads are better than one** (Chapter One CHS-R-813) is an album on which Graham Bond and Pete Brown combine their talents. Their form of musical expression is direct, strong and powerful, but there are no really outstanding performances. Pete Brown's lyrics are strange 'Scunthorpe crabmeat train sideways boogie shuffle stomp' is an example. There are one or two nice bits of guitar and Graham Bond's blues based piano and organ are as solid as ever. However the overall effect is not dynamic, it needs more depth and colour.


I'm getting by without Babs, but it's me Members Club I'm missing
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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

One way or the other, most people who visit nightclubs get what they want, be it wine, women or song. But every visit to any nightclub in any part of the world inevitably culminates in one heart-stopping moment: the presentation of the bill. It was a matter of great interest, therefore, when a letter arrived on my desk last week which guarantees to remove this ultimate hazard. It required immediate follow-up.

I had always imagined that we would have to form the National Union of Nightclubbers before we would be able to obtain any advance control over bills we regularly receive, but it now appears that one nightclub in London has beaten us to it.

The letter, which goes to everyone who considers joining the club, states clearly that there are no additional or hidden charges whatsoever at **Plumes Club,** 5 Whitehorse Street, Mayfair, W1. It further goes to say that you are welcome to visit the club, and walk around and inspect the price list and all the facilities, before you apply for membership, to convince yourself that everything is straightforward. So we took them up on their offer and went along. The premises were not unknown to us. A decade or so ago the club was well-known to Mayfair's habitués as the Contemporain, with that excellent musician Helio Motta and his Band. It then became the Black Sheep Club, with one of the most advanced decors of the time. But it suffered an unfortunate fire, and in fact has been closed for the past year or so. Now, resplendent in new plumage of a sophisticated character, it evolves as Plumes – A Gentleman's Club. It seems to have the making of a good club. The new owner, Stephen Less, has an imaginative brain and a strong ambition to make his club a model of contemporary entertainment. He offers a quiet piano room on the ground floor with deep settees for you to relax in his Regency-style surrounds. The bar specializes in a large range of cocktails and spirits are 35p, which is not outrageous for Mayfair. As the piano tinkles in the background you can either talk to your girlfriend, or if you are alone try to gaze through the sheer see-thro' costumes which the girls who serve you are trying to wear. I myself saw some delightful sights and was quite impressed. The lighting is sufficiently subtle to make this divertissement wholesome, and not gauche.

If you wish to dance with your girlfriend, then you descend into the club room and restaurant downstairs, which has a resident Trio and a featured cabaret twice nightly at 9 pm and midnight. If you do not want to buy an expensive meal, but would like something substantial to eat, then we noted that a steak sandwich was available at the reasonable price of 65p. However, the restaurant seems to be busy and although we did not have time to stay and dine, we saw a list of dishes at about £1.50 garni, and wines were priced at around £2.50 per bottle upwards.

I spoke to two members who told me that they had found by experience that there were no additional or hidden charges whatsoever, as the management claims, and in fact they used the club three or four times a week because, once they were made a member at £4 subscription, there was no entrance fee thereafter – which encourages them to go to the club regularly.

The conclusion to all this is that Plumes seems to offer the best of two worlds – a comfortable bar room to relax in with low prices, and an exciting nightclub below if you wish to stay out late, until 3 am in fact. And at the end of it all, there is their promise that you will not be gazumped.

With the announcement of the opening of **The Place** at 531 Kings Road, Chelsea, we have the appearance of yet another club where it is necessary to physically open the door yourself, once you become a member. In the case of The Place, your key is an electronic card which you place into a slot in the door. You are then automatically admitted if your membership is up-to-date and you have this year's key card.

Alex Stirling is usually to be found leaning at the bar surrounded by many of his regular members who go to the club because the food is English, and pretty good, and because Alex always encourages a clientele of interesting-looking people. Occasionally, you will see a party of two or three girls together since Alex Stirling allows lady members to join, and in fact quite a few of the members are of the career girl type, such as boutique owners, models and television studio employees.

The Place is decorated in open-plan style and is situated in the attic of an erstwhile brewery – you can even see where the beer used to drain away in gulleys in the floor, although nowadays it is drained in a more elegant manner.

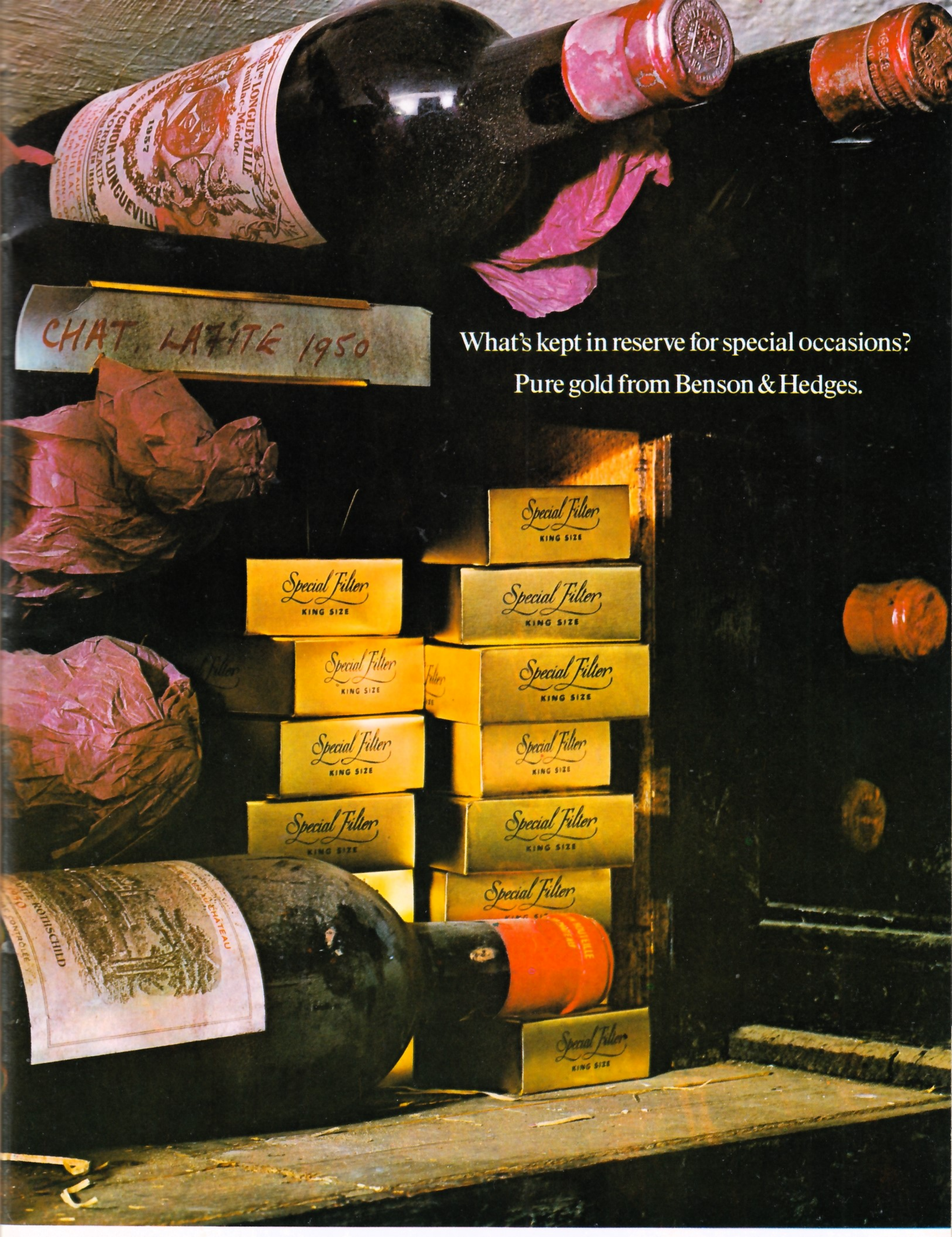
The previous club which Alex Stirling ran, now called **Frere Jacques** at 39 Harrington Road, Kensington, SW7, is also a Key Club, and members are encouraged to renew their subscriptions by changing their key every January.

The club features a spiral staircase to a mezzanine bar up which the attractive waitresses run about fifty times a night, which is probably why the downstairs bar is so popular.

Key Clubs seem to keep their membership more closely banded together, and one notices that Frere Jacques produces a club newsletter which is really becoming quite a capable publication with amusing cartoons and witty comments on the club's activities.

GO-GO GIRLS!
OPLESS
AITRESSES

'There's a pubic hair in my soup . . .'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MADELEINE

Fresh from Cheltenham, that haven of gout-ridden Colonel Blimps, randy Regency bucks and spa water that would make the least athletic idler run for days is 22-year-old Madeleine Drew. 'The Colonel in wheelchair image is pretty old hat now,' Madeleine told us. 'There are plenty of retired people about but we've got one of the biggest populations of students and young people in the country.' Striding to work down the town's famous tree-lined Promenade in her dark patent leather boots and miniscule mini-skirt Madeleine counts herself as a prime example. She came to Cheltenham seven years ago and squeezed into the local Gloucestershire College of

Art and Design. 'It definitely was a squeeze,' she joked. 'I had a lot of enthusiasm but not much talent.' Her modesty is deceptive. She tells you she's shy. 'I never know what to say to people I meet for the first time. Usually I blurt out the first thing that comes into my head.' But a look from those cool, grey, self-contained eyes hints that she leaves little room for doubt if she finds the stranger attractive. She likes her men to be assertive but understanding. 'When I go on a date I like to be told exactly where we're going and what we're going to do,' she says. *Exactly* what you're going to do? we queried. Her

grin was wry. 'Sometimes I just like to talk and you'd be surprised how difficult that is. Men think that if they've taken you out they've got to try something.' Looking over her slim, leggy 37–22–36 we said we could hardly blame them. When not bending her 5 feet 8 and a bit over a typewriter in an office overlooking Imperial Square, she can be seen munching liver pate sandwiches in That Sandwich Place in Regent Street, or joining friends for an evening drink in Peter's Bar in the Promenade. Weekends could find her walking her parents' Labrador on nearby Cleeve Hill, which dominates the town. She has no plans to leave. 'Where else can you live with such beautiful buildings and still be only five minutes from the countryside?'

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BOURBON
WHISKEY
BORKUM RIFF
riff cut mild mixture

Borkum Riff. The bourbon whiskey smoke.

OBR1/C

MURDEROUS MICKY MANNOCK

continued from page 18

scout which, if not a match for the Albatros, was at least the nearest thing to one that the Allies could produce at the time – although the redoubtable SE5 would not be long in making its appearance.

The fledgling fighter pilot of No. 40 Squadron settled in comfortably enough to his new environment and described the Nieuport as a 'lovely bus'. He quickly discovered one of its major drawbacks, however, when he ripped off a lower main plane while power-diving during a practice flight. It says much for his skill as a pilot that he walked away from the wreckage. His blood lust was unabated but, at this early stage anyway, it did not overcome his innate caution and he took his time familiarising himself with combat conditions over the lines.

A month passed without a single victory. Then on May 7 he at last brought down a balloon, but the event was overshadowed by the general gloom following Albert Ball's failure to return from patrol on the same day. Initially not an easy man to talk to and rather bleak in appearance, Mannock made few efforts to popularise himself with his fellows and this, together with his cautious approach to air fighting, resulted in an altogether unwarranted reputation for having 'cold feet'.

'He was not actually called "yellow",' related his flight commander, 'but many secret murmurings of an unsavoury nature reached my ears.' The flight commander in question, fortunately a man of some understanding, took Mannock aside for a few words of kindly advice and may have been somewhat taken aback when the novice blandly announced that he had already overcome the 'physical defect' of fear and was now set to conquer the Hun.

'I have not been unduly worried about getting Huns at the expense of being reckless,' he said. 'The present bald-headed tactics should be replaced by well thought out ones. I cannot see any reason why we should not sweep the Hun right out of the sky.'

Armed with this aggressive philosophy, Mannock now started showing his mettle and his detractors in No. 40 Squadron soon swallowed their words with enthusiasm. He still took his time, nevertheless, and it was not until June 1 that he shot down his first enemy aircraft, a two-seater. But once started he was a difficult man to keep up with. On the seventh he despatched a multi-coloured single-seater scout, probably an Albatros, with 30 rounds at a distance of ten yards and then, after a couple of weeks leave, two more two-seaters on successive days. On July 22 he was awarded the MC, promoted to captain and made a flight commander. There was no more talk about 'cold feet' and his stock rose rapidly in the squadron.

He spent another six months with No. 40 Squadron during which he continually improved on his techniques as a marksman, a formation flyer and a patrol leader. He twice saw the unit re-equipped with new aircraft, firstly with the Nieuport 27, an improved version of the Type 17, and later, in December, with the SE5. During the entire period he added systematically to his total of victories and was up to the twenty mark with a bar to his MC by January 1918 when he left No. 40 Squadron and returned to the UK.

He was only in England for three months and seems to have spent most of his time trying to get back to France again. On one occasion, meeting General Henderson in the RFC Club, he said that if he didn't get an overseas posting soon he would simply take an aircraft out of the hangars and fly over without permission.

'If you do that, Mannock you will be court-martialled and shot,' observed the General, not without humour. Mannock, in his customary sardonic vein, promptly replied, 'Death is better than dishonour, sir!'

This brief exchange resulted in Mannock getting his own way and an early appointment to No. 74 Squadron as a Flight Commander.

By the time he reached this new squadron, Mannock was nearing the peak of his career. He was flying the SE5 again, a splendid British scout, fast and manoeuvrable and quite capable of meeting the Albatroses and Fokker triplanes on equal terms; and he well knew how to make the best use of it. But, as always, it was as a patrol leader that he showed his finest qualities.

The pilots of his flight were his constant concern and he regularly held lectures and instruction courses, with briefings before and debriefings after every flight. He advised them on tactics, on dogfighting methods and on tricks of the trade which he had learned for himself. 'Gentlemen,' he would say to the reverent newcomers to his flight, when discussing the engagement of single-seater scouts, 'always above, seldom on the same level, never underneath.' And often the advice with the honed edge of hatred in it: 'Remember, to fight is not enough. You must kill.' Or with biting sarcasm to pilots fond of showy aerobatics: 'Good flying never killed a Hun yet.' And again, when describing any enemy airman who wasted ammunition or fired in long bursts (and was therefore probably an apprehensive beginner): 'Fight him like hell, he should be easy meat.'

No. 74 Squadron flew its first operational sortie on April 12, 1918 and Mannock's flight opened the innings with three Albatroses shot down on the first day. Two of them fell to Mannock himself, one over Merville, the other near the Bois de Phalempin, but with typical selflessness he insisted that the second victory should be shared amongst the flight. In a letter to Jim Eyles he mentions that he 'gave one of the two to the Flight just to buck them up.'

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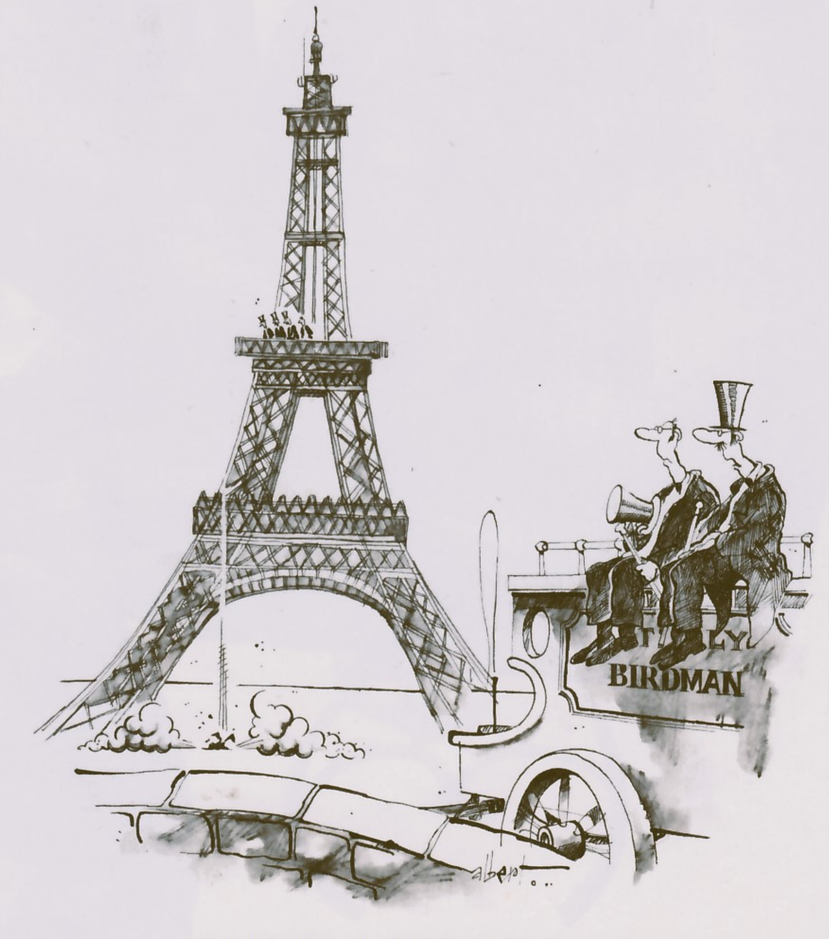

'I wonder how the British version went on?'

Luck be a lady tonight – or possibly two

Morgan's luck was in, with cards, bus fares—and Naomi and Josie too. A new Bruce and Morgan story from David Jones

ILLUSTRATION BY WURLITZER

There's a feeling you get inside you when your luck is in. It is not a tingling sensation or one of intoxication. Neither is it elation or simply happiness. It is difficult to put into words, but perhaps Certainty is the best way to describe it – knowing that you can act with reckless abandon and get away with anything.

Morgan had it on the way home in the bus from the office. It hit him, like it does, without warning. One moment it wasn't there, and the next he was full of it. Like everyone else, Morgan never doubted its existence when it came, because it was real. And like everyone else he put it to the test as soon as he could, just to make sure.

The conductor jammed a hip against Morgan's seat and swayed with the bus while he asked for his fare. Morgan took a deep breath, looked him straight in the eye and told him he already had a ticket. The conductor moved on, bored and tired, without pressing him further. It was there, all right. Anyone who could cheat a judge, a customs officer or a bus conductor could count himself bloody lucky.

As Morgan stepped off the bus a pert brunette getting on gave him a full-frontal bump. She smiled apologetically, tossed her head saucily and let her left hand drag

across his thighs as she squeezed past him on the empty platform. No doubt about it – his luck was in.

Morgan spun on his heels to follow the girl upstairs, but remembered it was Bruce's day for cooking the tea and wouldn't if Morgan did not arrive on time.

Bruce was lying on his stomach on the carpet reading a pornographic magazine he had borrowed from the Swede upstairs. He had had a rough evening with a Puerto Rican air hostess who took three hours to give in and then wouldn't give up. He had taken the day off work to recuperate.

'How do you feel?' asked Morgan.

'Fragile,' said Bruce.

'What can you expect – you haven't done your exercises for a while. I reckon you're out of condition'.

'The manual says you can ease up on exercises if you take part in a sport. The way I figure it a night-long screw is the equivalent of a four-minute mile'.

Morgan took off his shoes and lobbed them accurately at the elephant-foot umbrella stand in the corner. 'When's tea?' he asked, picking them up.

'In a minute. Come and look at this first'.

Morgan peered over Bruce's shoulder at the full-page colour plate in the magazine.

'I can't work it out,' said Bruce.

'Well, he's on top, he's underneath and she's in the middle'.

'I've got that far. But who does that leg belong to? And where's the rest of him?'

'I see what you mean. Big girl, isn't she?'

'She needs to be with all that going on'.

'Definitely my kind of bird'.

'You should be so lucky!'

'Funny you should mention it – that's just what I am at the moment. Lucky'.

Morgan explained and Bruce chuckled disbelievingly. 'So a dosey conductor let you slip through his fingers, and a tart brushed against you. What does that prove?' 'Come off it, you know the feeling. You've had it yourself'. 'I've had many feelings, old son. I had a bundle of them last night. By the way, did I show you her panties? They've got Donald Duck all over them'.

'Be serious, will you?' said Morgan, offended by Bruce's lighthearted manner. 'I'm telling you my luck's in. Cut the cards. Go on, I'll prove it to you'.

'Okay, if it'll make you happy'.

Bruce found a pack on the mantelpiece. He shuffled expertly, rippling the cards between his fingers. He cut a ten. Morgan showed a queen and grinned triumphantly.

'So what?' said Bruce, and cut again, deep this time. A jack. Morgan turned up another queen.

'Best of five,' said Bruce.

'Make it the best of fifty, if you like,' Morgan said confidently.

They cut eleven times. Morgan won them all and Bruce was no longer sceptical.

'How often do you get as lucky as this?'

'Once in a blue moon'. Morgan reflected. 'In fact, I haven't had it for years'.

'I've never seen anything like it,' said Bruce. 'From my experience Lady Luck taps people with her wand. She seems to clout you with a bloody tree. What are you going to do about it?'

Morgan sank into the big armchair. 'I haven't decided. Invite a few of the lads round, I suppose, for a quiet game and a few beers'.

'Chickenfeed,' said Bruce. 'I've got a better idea. We'll go to the club and cane the pants off Bloom. There's always plenty of spare there, too, so we can kill two birds with one stone, if you'll pardon the pun'.

'Fine. We can get back some of the money the bastard has milked from us in the past'.

'Not some of the money,' Bruce said emphatically. 'All – with interest'.

Morgan did not try to hide his enthusiasm. 'He won't know what hit him,' he said.

Bloom owned the local gaming club and resembled Winston Churchill, except that he had no personality. His eyes were dull and his face expressionless. He was incapable of emotion. He was a glutton, mean, smelly and a brilliant card player. He was also suspected of being a cheat, but no one had been able to prove it. Bloom was not popular. However, he ran the only gambling club for miles and therefore had a monopoly, like the Gas Board.

He greeted Morgan and Bruce with a flat, 'Good evening'. They showed their membership cards. He ignored them and led the way into the bar.

It was illuminated with the minimum of light, to make it difficult to check the change you were given. It was early yet and few people had arrived.

Only one stood at the bar – a thin man with the pasty pallor of a nightclub regular, who was intently addressing the barmaid's boobs. An ultra-violet bulb picked out specks of dust on his crumpled suit. His white shirt was a neon sign in the gloom. His beer was green.

'The first strip show starts soon,' said Bloom, disinterested.

They perched on two stools and the boobs came to serve them. Bruce ordered a gin and lime. Morgan plumped for a vodka and lime. The barmaid poured the two drinks under cover of the counter and replaced the bottle in its slot in the rack on the floor. Then she topped up both glasses to kill any taste but lime.

Morgan gave her a pound. 'His prices are different every time we come here,' he said.

'His booze doesn't alter,' said Bruce, sipping his drink to be kind to his stomach. 'Still, we didn't come here for the hooch. Have a go on that fruit machine and see if your luck is holding'.

Morgan returned within seconds with a fistful of tokens. 'Three bells straight off,' he said seriously. Bruce shook his head. 'If I didn't know better, I wouldn't believe it'.

A sudden influx of people brought the club to life at chucking out time at the pubs. Among them Bruce noticed Naomi and her kinky girlfriend Josie. Naomi was an Amazon. She was five-foot ten, big-boned, but perfectly proportioned. She dwarfed the impish Josie at her side.

'Right,' he said, 'try your luck with those

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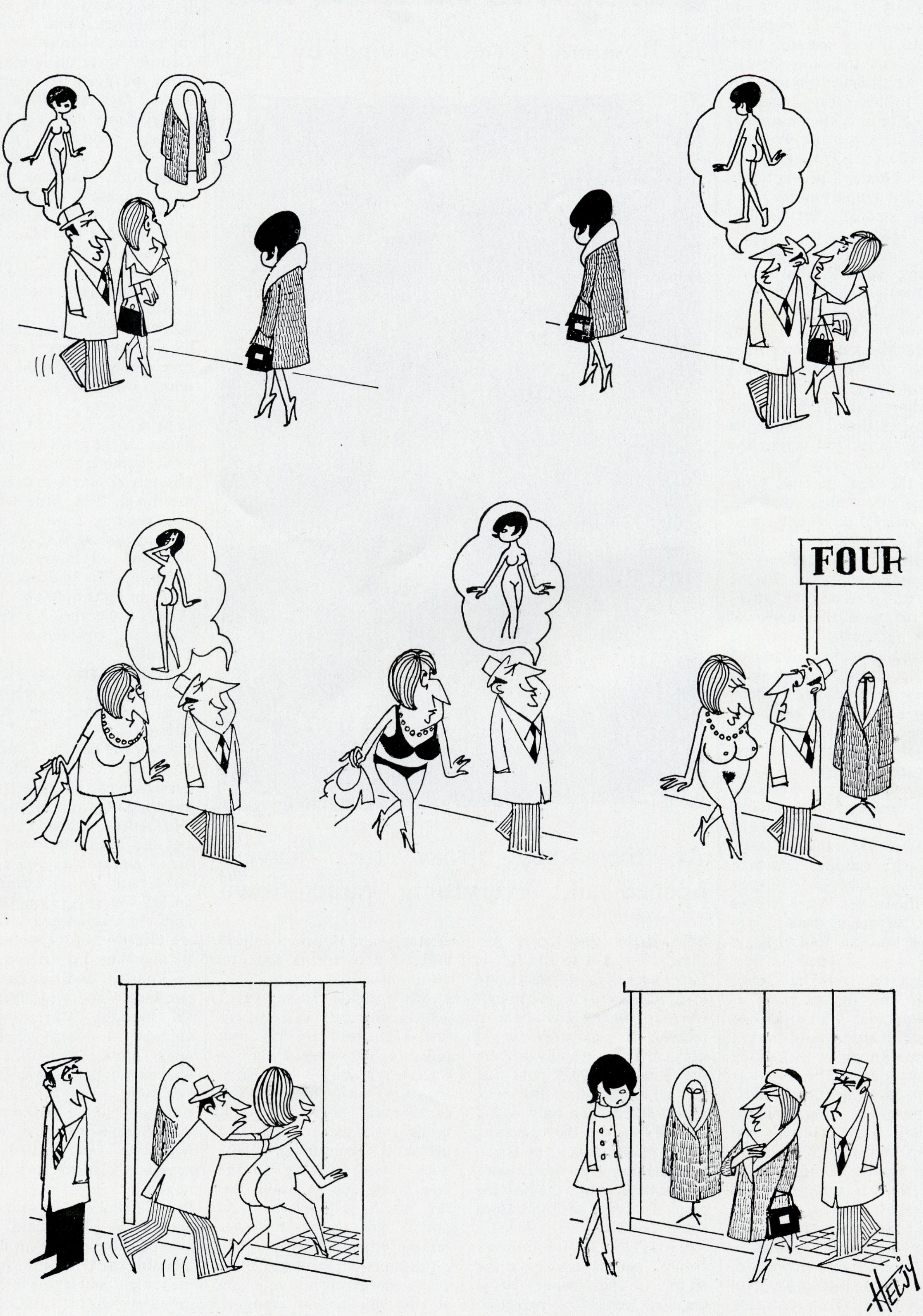
FOUR
Heliy

Getting it in out of the rain

By Rosalind Davies/Drawings by Cobb

At the third stroke the heavens opened and everything came down

United we stood. Well, very nearly united and more or less standing. To be perfectly honest, I was leaning back against this tree and George was positioning himself for what I have heard coarsely referred to as a knee-trembler. I only know it as Position No. 12 of 'The Outdoor Lovers Guide' (incorporating 'Snatched Opportunities') and having studied the diagram (page 186) I really couldn't figure out why George was bobbing up and down like a demented jack-in-the-box. Okay, so he had to get the bend of his knees just right, but did Mission Control have all this trouble with Apollo's angle of entry?

The short walk from the tiny railway station, along the winding lanes and across the meadow, had been delightful. With the sun shining, birds singing, butterflies dancing, every step I'd taken had tuned me in more and more to the soft, ripe, green openness of the simple countryside. By the time we reached the small circle of trees the magic of nature had gone, not only to my head, but had detoured right up under my mini-skirt.

I knew George had been lusting after me for ages. My feminine intuition had told me that – plus the fact that whenever he caught me alone in the office his hand headed for my knickers like a ferret sprinting for a rabbit hole. Notwithstanding that (actually more with running like hell) I'd always managed to keep him those few vital inches more than at short-arms length.

George was no fool though. When we'd stopped to rest amongst the trees he hadn't needed any fortune-teller to tell him that his luck had changed. Opportunity wasn't so much knocking as kicking the door down. The bird was ripe for plucking. Oven ready. He jumped in with both hands, throwing both caution, and the top button of my blouse, to the winds. In no time at all, my breasts were getting an unexpected sun-tan, my skirt was hitched up to my navel, and my knickers draped carelessly around my left ankle. Indeed, so industriously had George gone about the task of uncovering my main erogenous zones that I hadn't dared suggest that we lay down on the job.

George suddenly proved that he'd finally got things just right. Proved it to the full in fact. I sucked in my breath and lifted up my eyes to give thanks for that which I was about to receive. It was then that I noticed. The sun had vanished, the butterflies had put their feet up and all the birds were tight-beaked. The only sound I could hear was the squeaking of George's boots as he began the time-honoured movements. At the third stroke the heavens opened, as they say, and down came the rain.

'George,' I said. 'It's raining.' I didn't get an answer but the tempo of the squeaky boots changed from slow-foxtrot to quick-step.

'George,' I raised my voice. 'It's bloody hissing down.'

Still no answer. The boots seemed to switch over to one continual high-pitched squeak and the movements took on an unmistakable urgency.

I was furious. There was I getting drenched and George just knees-bent on his own pleasure. Selfish pig. Didn't he realise how long it had taken me to get ready for this date. Getting my hair just right, doing my face and painting my nails. Smoothing in the body lotion, shaking on the talc. Using one deodorant for this, another one for that, and one to make me smell sweeter for the other. It's very nearly a full-time job for a girl these days – powdering and squirting all the nooks and crannies. Now it was all being washed away.

I looked down at my knickers. Even in the washing machine they had never looked so forlorn. Just a flimsy pink sexy bag of rainwater. Oh well, if in doubt get it out. I wriggled my bottom vigorously.

George, being unshipped, became unhinged. He went into a very fair take-off of Gene Kelly doing his well-known dancing-in-the-rain routine. Not that I ever remember Gene Kelly with any sort of organ, musical or otherwise, jutting out stiffly in front of him. Nor do I recall Gene, and I've seen the film three times, interrupting the dance to shout out 'I was nearly there, I was nearly there!'

After he had charged at me for the third time, I thought that perhaps I should try to reason with him.

'Look George,' I said. 'Even Lady Chatterley used to leave a note for the gardener – if wet, in the summerhouse.'

His only answer was to rush at me again. This time when I was bending down to wring out my knickers. Luckily he was well off target and his battering ram skidded off my very wet right buttock.

'That's it George,' I screamed. 'Give me my return ticket. I'm off.'

'Oh don't go,' he pleaded. 'Please don't go. There's bound to be some more sunny periods later on.'

I shook my head and stamped my foot in the mud. Late periods have never given me any kind of warm feeling.

'No George,' I said. 'This is the end and don't ever – ever – ask me to go out with you again.'

As a last grand gesture, I hurled my soggy knickers at him, then squelched away in the direction of the station.

By the time I'd arrived back in London and reached my flat, I was wondering if perhaps I'd been a little hard on George. A couple of hours later, after I'd bathed and washed my hair, I was feeling positively sorry for him. In spite of what I'd said to him, I was hoping that he would telephone me and I was genuinely pleased when at last he did.

'Look Rosalind,' he said, after apologising over and over again for the afternoon fiasco, 'it's still early. Won't you see me tonight and let me make up for everything? It's still raining like hell but I'll borrow a car and pick you up at eight. Please say you'll come.'

I played hard to get for a little

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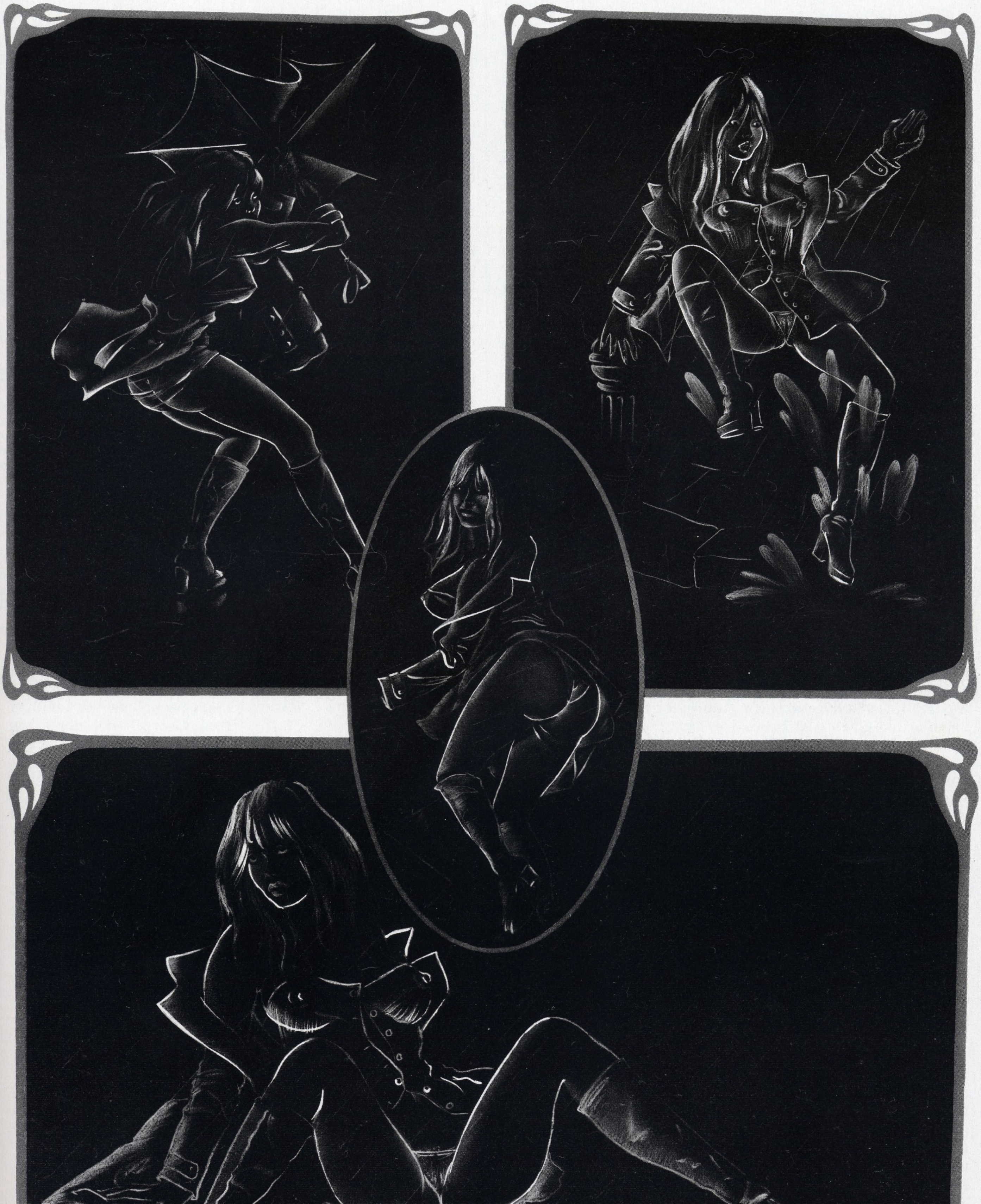


Getting it in out of the rain

continued from page 40

while, then agreed to meet him. I couldn't really deny him the chance of making up for things. Besides, he was probably planning an expensive dinner or a show. When a fella has to make up for something, we girls usually do pretty well out of it. That's one of the perks of being a woman and when there's any kind of treat in store I'm all woman.

With a dinner or the theatre in mind, I put on a sexy little button-through dress. It held my breasts captive but it was a very open prison and my bottom was almost out on parole.

Shortly after eight I stepped into George's borrowed car and off we went. It was all jolly chat and happy laughter. Not a word about the withdrawal symptoms he'd shown earlier in the day. Not a word either about the treat I had coming to me. I decided to prompt him by showing him my big-night-out dress.

'I've come prepared tonight,' I said. He had remarked on the nattiness of my shortie raincoat and hat as soon as I stepped into the car but I thought that referring to them again would give me a chance to unbutton so he could see the sexy number underneath.

'Oh you shouldn't have bothered' darling,' he said. 'I've brought a couple of packets of three and a box of those coloured ones.'

Click! My brain went into overdrive trying to put it all together. He thought I meant that I'd fixed myself up! He thought I'd come prepared for – Bloody cheek! Honestly, you give a man an inch and he takes a pubic yard. Two packets of three AND a box of pretty ones! So sure of getting it that he stocks up with very nearly the entire output of a rubber plantation. My God, I like a man not a mouse but just because the sun went to my head this afternoon it didn't mean that I presented a warm front to every Dick, Tom, or Jerry.

'Stop the car,' I said.

'Oh darling,' he said. 'I'm dying for it just as much as you are but we can't stop here.'

I almost exploded. 'Stop the car,' I shouted.

'Oh no. Not again,' he moaned. The minute he pulled into the kerb, I jumped out, put up my umbrella and started walking. My fingers were crossed that there would be a bus stop nearby.

'Rosalind – please – you can't do it to me again.' George cruised up alongside me, winding the car window right down. 'Come on. Get back in. I'll do anything for you – anything – but please get back in.'

I walked even faster, ignoring him. As if the rain wasn't enough, the wind was getting really strong.

'Look,' he shouted again. 'When old Brown packs it in, I'll be running the office. You can have that rise you're always moaning about.'

The wind blew my raincoat open and lifted my dress high above my panties. I heard George gasp even above the noise of the wind, the rain, and the car engine.

'You'll be able to sit in the ladies loo all day. I won't chew you up like old Brown does.'

The wind blew even harder. My umbrella turned inside out and lifted off for the sky, my rainhat fluttering after it. The sudden gust even managed to open most of the buttons on my dress.

'I'll tell you what – I know a bloke who's put his name down for a job as photographer's mate with *Mayfair* – I know there's a few thousand on the waiting list but once he's in I might be able to get you on the centre pages.'

If he doesn't shut up soon, I thought, I shall bloody scream. I stepped down from the kerb to cross a side road and my boot sent a shower of water up as far as that particular section of my panties which is more usually endowed with a more enjoyable dampness.

'And on top of all that, I'll – I'll – I'll give you my cup-final ticket.'

George put such desperation into his latest offer that I tried to widen my strides. If he wanted it badly enough to give up his cup-final ticket, he might even be considering rape. I started to run and slipped, landing on my bottom with a loud slap. Dazed, I turned over on to my hands and knees, then fell back with my legs wide apart. I knew that only one or two buttons were keeping my dress together and that my wet-through see-through panties were prominently displayed but I couldn't have cared less. As far as I was concerned the whole world could have a good look.

I felt George's arm around me. 'Come on darling, I've got to get you home. You're wet through.'

'I was wet through this afternoon,' I sobbed. 'You didn't worry about me then.'

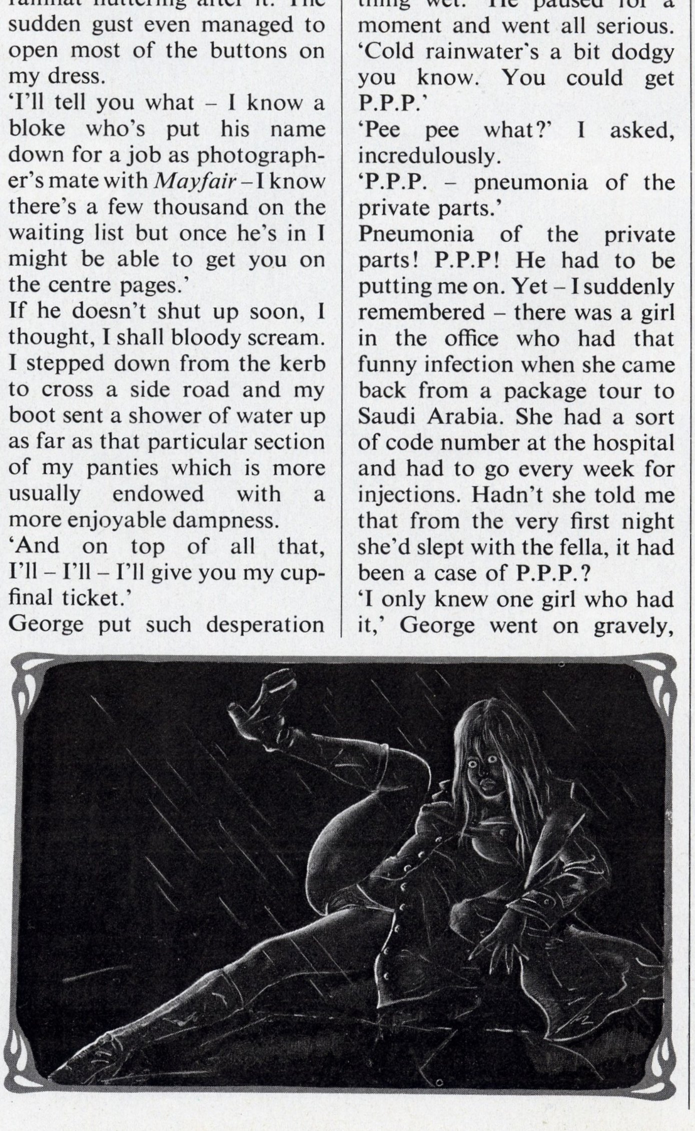
'Yes, but this is the second time in one day that you've got your – er, your – er,' his eyes went to my panties. 'This is the second time that you've got – well you know – everything wet.' He paused for a moment and went all serious. 'Cold rainwater's a bit dodgy you know. You could get P.P.P.'

'Pee pee what?' I asked, incredulously.

'P.P.P. – pneumonia of the private parts.'

Pneumonia of the private parts! P.P.P! He had to be putting me on. Yet – I suddenly remembered – there was a girl in the office who had that funny infection when she came back from a package tour to Saudi Arabia. She had a sort of code number at the hospital and had to go every week for injections. Hadn't she told me that from the very first night she'd slept with the fella, it had been a case of P.P.P.?

'I only knew one girl who had it,' George went on gravely, 'but by heavens, how she suffered. Nearly finished her. As for her sex life – well – it was absolutely ruined. She just never felt like it afterwards.'



'Oh George – what can I do?' The tears from my eyes were falling as heavily as the rain.

'Well darling, we've got to get you home. Then it's off with those wet things and into a nice warm bed and – er – maybe a spot of massage to get your circulation going.'

'Oh yes please George – help me – please help me.'

George bundled me into the car, did a quick U-turn, put his foot down, even jumped a couple of red lights, and we were back in my flat almost before I'd had time to wriggle out of my raincoat.

'Now then darling,' George said as he lowered me gently on to the bed, 'let me get these boots off – and your dress. Now darling – that's it – just lie back – let's get rid of these wet pants. There – that's better isn't it. Now let me get on the bed with you and I'll try and massage some feeling back into your poor numb body.'

'Oh George – oh that's lovely – ooh yes – the feeling's coming back already – I'm still a bit cold up the top though – oh that's better – yes yes – both of them George – ooh don't stop George – yes yes – I'm getting warmer – ooooh you darling – oh I'm really hot now George – won't you take your wet things off now – I'm sure I'm going to be all right.'

I was all right and George was certainly a super bit of all right! I don't know how much time had passed – who watches the clock in paradise? – before I noticed that he had rolled away from me and appeared to be sleeping the sleep of the just-had-it. I nudged him twice before he opened his eyes.

'George darling,' I said. 'This P.P.P. Is it catching?'

'No darling.' He opened his eyes wider and grinned.

'Only I'm a bit worried about you now.' I pointed with my finger. 'It looks particularly limp – don't you think we ought to find out if it still works – just in case?'

I giggled. If he didn't know by now that girls were as changeable as the weather, he never would. I reached over with my hand and heard him catch his breath. Well. P.P.P. I ask you! Didn't he deserve to catch something – using an old line like that!

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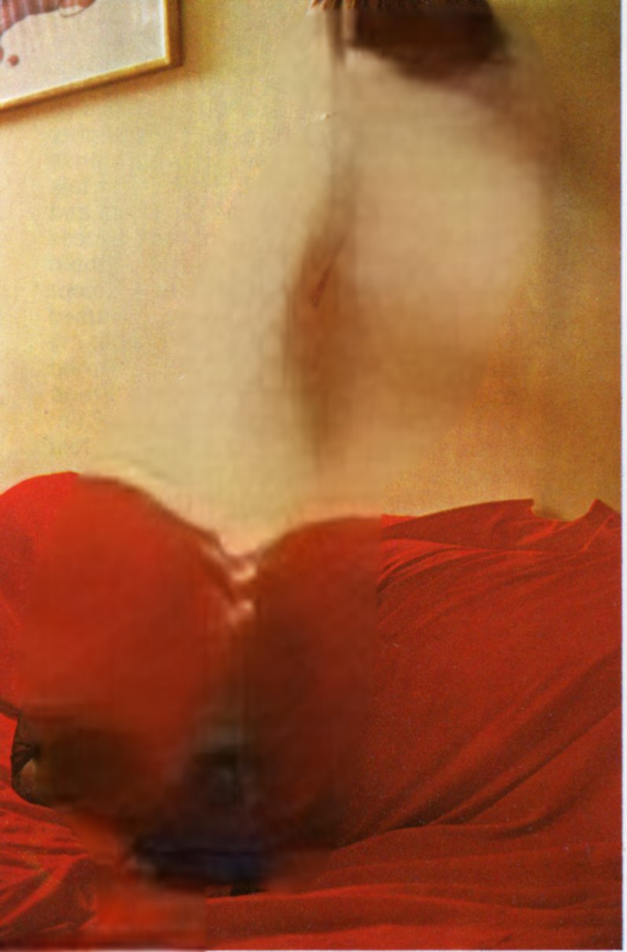
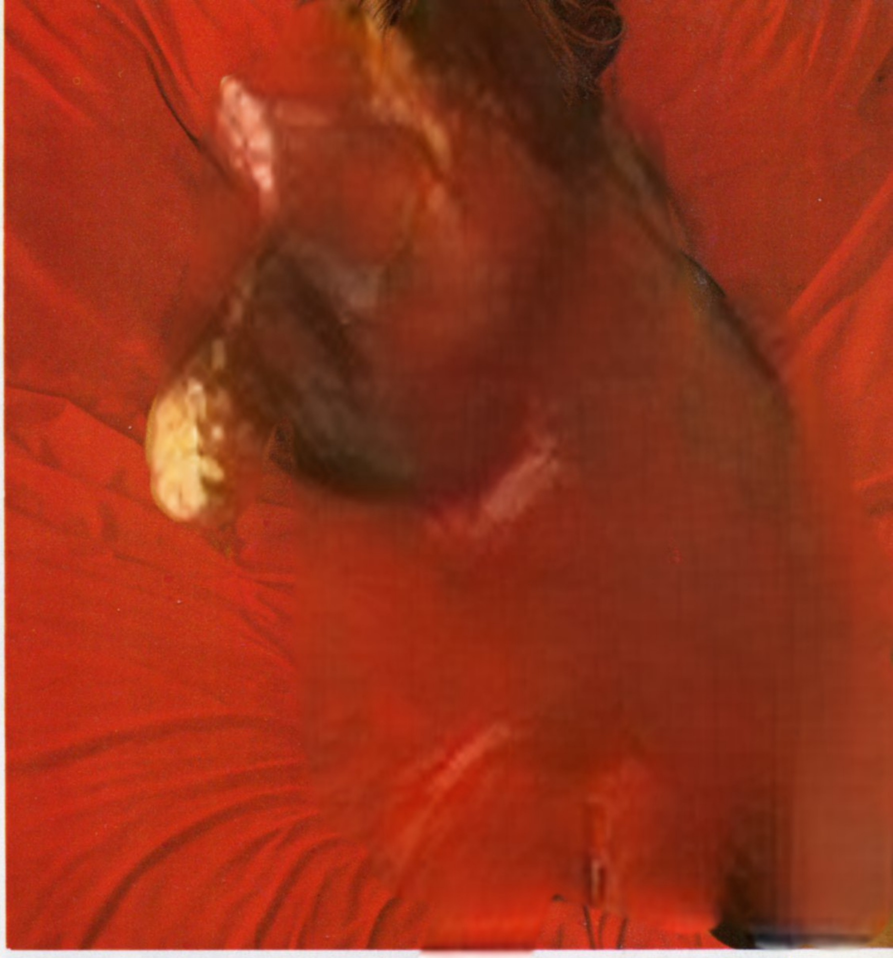
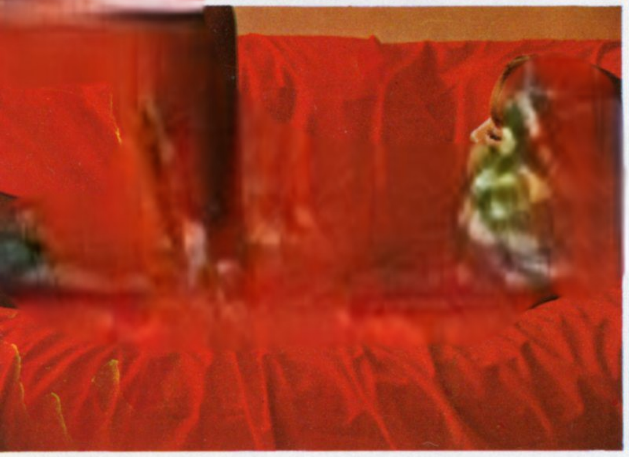
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

DAWN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN



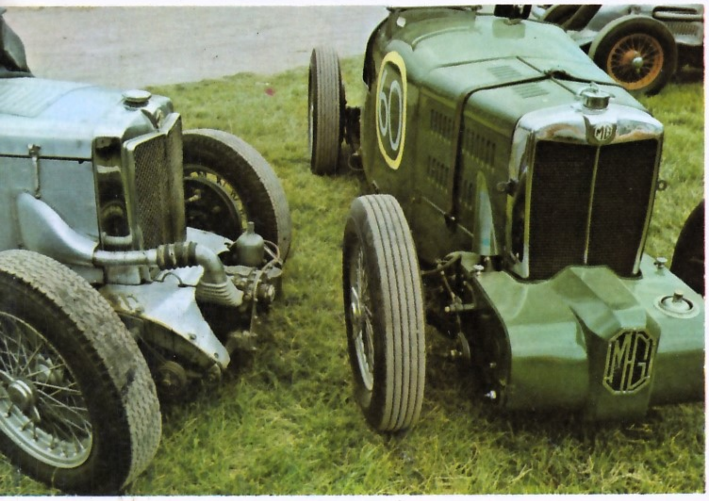




What's in a name? To some a name is a name and that's that, but Linda Dawn Saunders has a story to at least one of her names: 'I don't know where the Linda bit came from,' she told us, 'but I was christened Dawn because that's when I was born and that may be why Dawn has stuck rather than Linda.' But names can reflect character. Dawn is a powerful name and when you meet her you find she has a powerful, almost aggressive sexuality to go with it. When Dawn peels off her clothes she reveals an impressive 40–25–37 figure that can only be described as voluptuous. And as she bears those full breasts a cheeky young smile creeps over her face because she's just a little pleased with herself. But can you blame her really? With her height just half an inch under six feet and a body like that she's

doing very well for a 17-year-old Cambridge schoolgirl. That's why Dawn is so captivating. She has a young naughty nature and a provocative, knowing stance and, like most girls of 17, she loves to talk sex: 'My parents are broad-minded and were very good about the old sex education bit,' says Dawn, 'and thanks to them I don't have any hang-ups about it, except I developed early and the other girls used to make fun and I used to worry about my size. Now their micky-taking has turned to jealousy and I suppose now I do tend to flaunt it about a bit, but why not? I'm not a tease so it does no harm.' Dawn lost her virginity soon after her sixteenth birthday, just within the law: 'It's funny,' she says, 'I told my mother, you know, the honesty thing, and you know she was lovely. She just said something like "We'd better have you on the pill, hadn't we?" Now I'm looking forward to being 18 then I can drink within the law.' Well Dawn, good luck for your A-level history.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / DAWN SAUNDERS



MG IS MAGIC

Neat, pokey, eternally popular, MGs are cars most men have always wanted to try. By WB.

Photographed by
Andrew Morland

MINTEX
MINTEX
MI
III
WL 9739

I was never wildly fond of pre-war MGs, but I am in complete agreement with anyone who says the make is underrated. Their history of records is certainly impressive and the prestigious trophies brought home between the wars by the Abingdon-on-Thames models were legion. One of the interesting features of the development of MG (Motor Garages) is the standardisation in design. The current Morris chassis are, for example, based on the attractive sports car designed by the company's founder, Cecil Kimber. (He was, ironically, later killed in a train crash.) His first offerings were bull-nosed, side-valve engined cars which later adopted the flat-fronted radiator of subsequent Morris-Cowleys.

When he introduced the famous MG Midget it had an 850 cc overhead-camshaft engine, for the good and proper reason, to Kimber's mind, that this could be borrowed from the prevailing Morris Minor baby-car. Later Morris Minors had side-by-side valve power units, which encouraged introduction of the £100 Minor.

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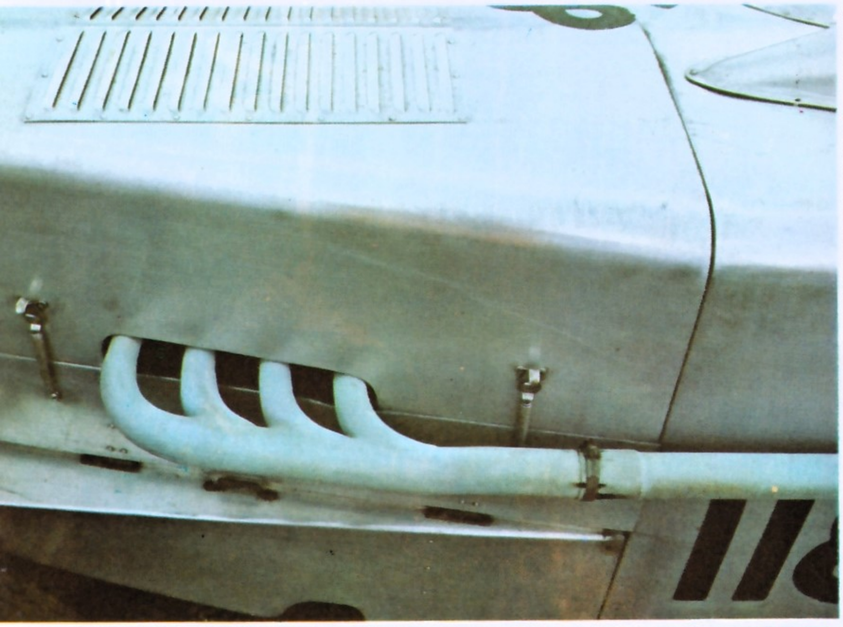
CASTROL GTX
DAILY EXPRESS
CASTROL GTX
DAILY EXPRESS
John Player Specials
DUNLOP DUNLOP
81

A touch of nostalgia seen at Silverstone last year at a meeting organised by the MG Car Club: top left, relatively cheap pre-war sports models were invariably modified to their owners' own specifications; centre left, a beautifully kept 850cc MGM driven by Bob Twydell in a thirty minute high speed trial; far left, a carburetter innovation to help pile on the power; above, the thin green line of success with models from MG's record breaking era in the thirties with a 1322cc TC driven by Adrian Harding leading a JT, TC and NA; left, simplicity of design in the MGC; below, classics from two generations, MGBs and MGTCs.

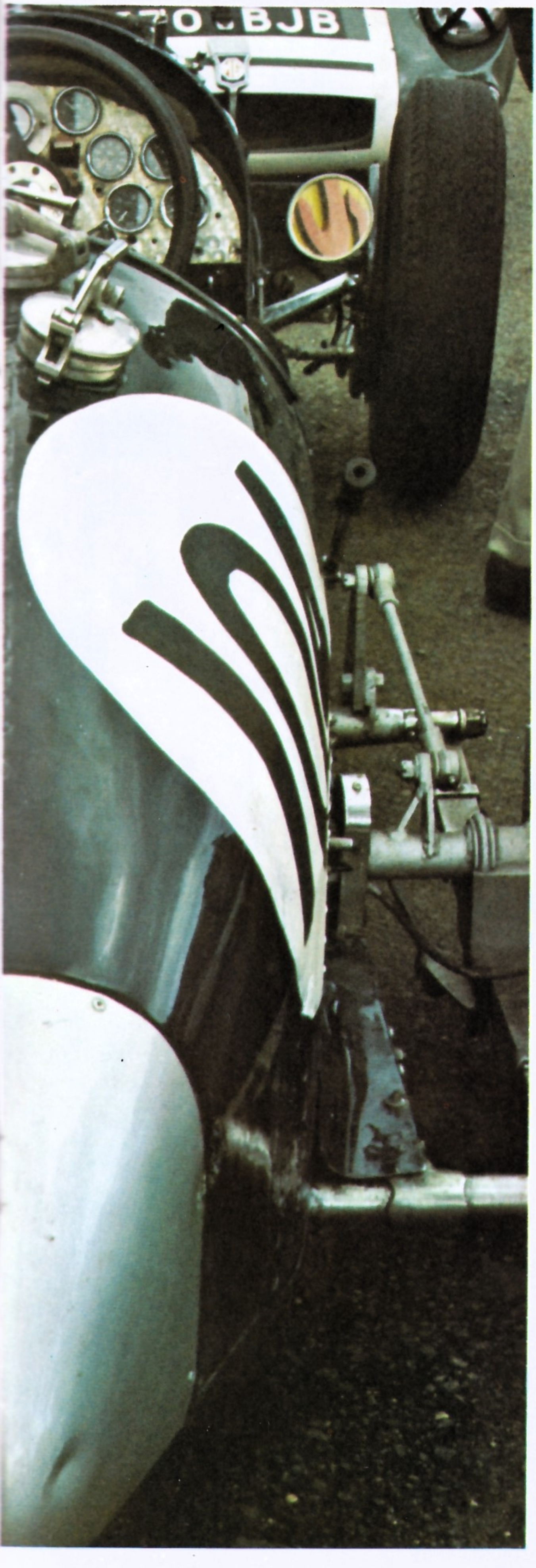
CASTROL GTX
MINTEX
DUCKHAMS
134

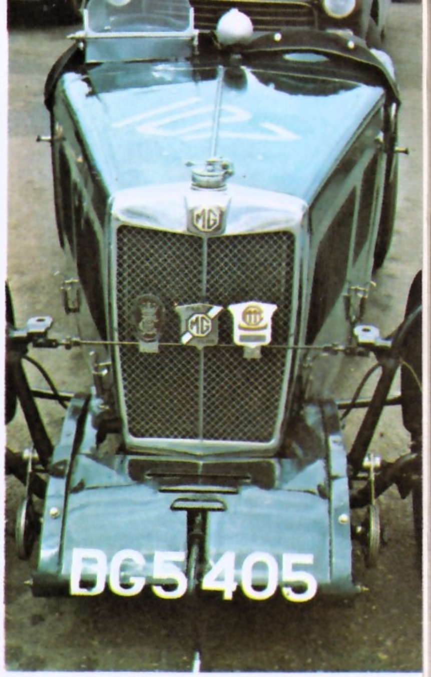
MINTEX
MINTEX
141

Above, Colin Cooper's 803cc PA competing in a high speed trial; below, promise of plenty of poke from an external exhaust system; bottom, a 1250cc TD driven by Roger Best; right, designed more for speed than sport, and looking as though it has just come from the factory, a 1286cc MG K3; far right, top, fish tail exhaust and slab tail body and an enthusiastic club man's 847cc J2; far right, superchargers were popular additions to standard makes; far right, bottom, on the grid a cutaway bonnet reveals an engine maintained with obvious pride and care.



DUNLOP
73
96





But the original examples were ohc, with an upstanding dynamo driving the upstairs camshaft at the front of the engine, down which oil used to ooze, to the detriment of electric current production.

Without setting up a full-scale enquiry it is difficult to say which was the most impressive MG competition performance or the most outstanding of the many models. Kimber's idea was to dress up sober Morris chassis as eye-catching sports cars, with a few concessions to better controlability and performance thrown in for good measure. This worked well enough and built up into lucrative business with the 14/40 MGs. But the MG Midget really started something. Although not much more than a Morris Minor with a vee-windscreen and a pointed-tail fabric-covered body, it was soon ousting the Ulster Austin Seven from its place as Britain's premier baby sporting car. Race victories not only helped materially to publicise what the inexpensive Midget could do but Kimber's desire to have more and better wins in turn helped to develop the Midget and make it increasingly impressive.

The Midget first appeared in 1928, priced at £175, at a time when the Morris Minor, from which it was so obviously derived, sold for £125 and the least-expensive 14/40 MG stood at £335. It was a fascinating fusing of 40 mpg economy with speed and liveliness, at a period in motoring evolution when a sketchy hood, cable brakes and a three-speed gear box were quite acceptable.

Built in a factory which manufactured nothing but sports cars the MG Midget raced well and it wasn't long before it became the first 750 cc-class car to exceed 100 mph – an honour which the Austin Seven had been chasing for some time. The engine

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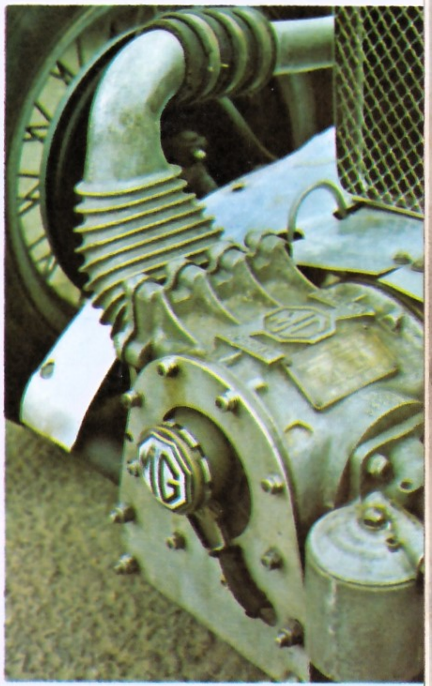


CHARLOTTE

As Spring draws upon us and the green things begin shoving out all over, at least one little girl will be looking out of her window watching the awakening of the countryside. She is Charlotte Crawford-Simms and is one of those lucky girls who can idle her hours away painting and writing poetry in her country home, snuggled away in the South Downs. 'When I'm alone here,' says Charlotte, 'I look out at the fields and trees and feel so relaxed. Often I get this feeling of an affinity with nature and I slowly take off my clothes and

watch the world go by.' Does Charlotte ever worry about her delicious 38–22–36 inviting body ever being spied upon? 'No, not at all,' she says still looking out of the window, 'no one is ever likely to be out there, and it doesn't really matter if they are.' Charlotte is 24 but many things have happened to her in those years: 'I did the deb thing in London when I was 18,' she says, 'but it was all so false. I found love in another way. It didn't last.' Then she adds: 'But I'm fine here for a while, with the company of my own mind.'

MG IS MAGIC

continued from page 55

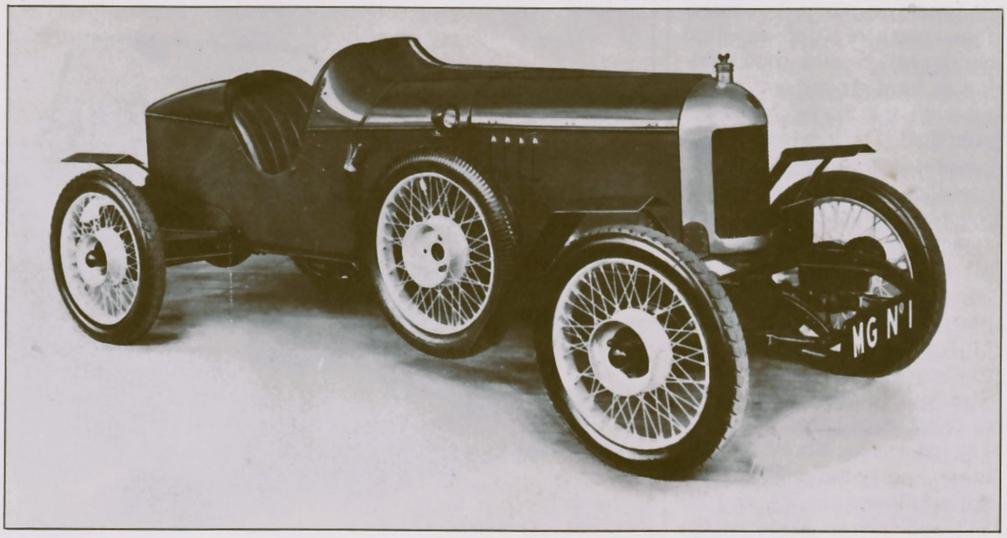
had been reduced to allow it to qualify for this class record, and it was subsequently redesigned with a shorter stroke and used to power a new C-type Midget. The 57x73 mm 746 cc C-type Midget took things a stage further, and fourteen of them were entered for the 1931 'Double-Twelve'. The 850 cc Midget had already made its name in this punishing race, which was run for two days over the pounding surface of Brooklands Track. This time Midgets occupied the first five places and won the Team Prize in the marathon. The winning car was driven in turns by the Earl of March (now the Duke of Richmond and Gordon) and test-pilot Chris Staniland, at 65.62 mph, making the larger-engined Brooklands Rileys look decidedly slow.

This was just an overture to a very long run of MG racing and record-breaking successes. It wasn't long before every record in International Class H (up to 750 cc) had fallen to the irrepressible Midgets, and the once-top-dog side-valve Austin Seven, even in supercharged form, had fallen out of favour. There is not space to detail all these splendid MG performances so I will jump the chronological order to remind you that a K3 Magnette, driven by none other than Nuvolari, won the 1933 Ulster TT; these beautiful Magnettes ventured to meet Maserati opposition in the Italian Mille Miglia and beat them on their home ground; the BRDC 500 Mile Races were won at Brooklands by slim single-seater MGs; and in the record-breaking field MGs did all manner of memorable things, besides netting every 750 cc title in the book, and becoming the first to exceed 120 mph.

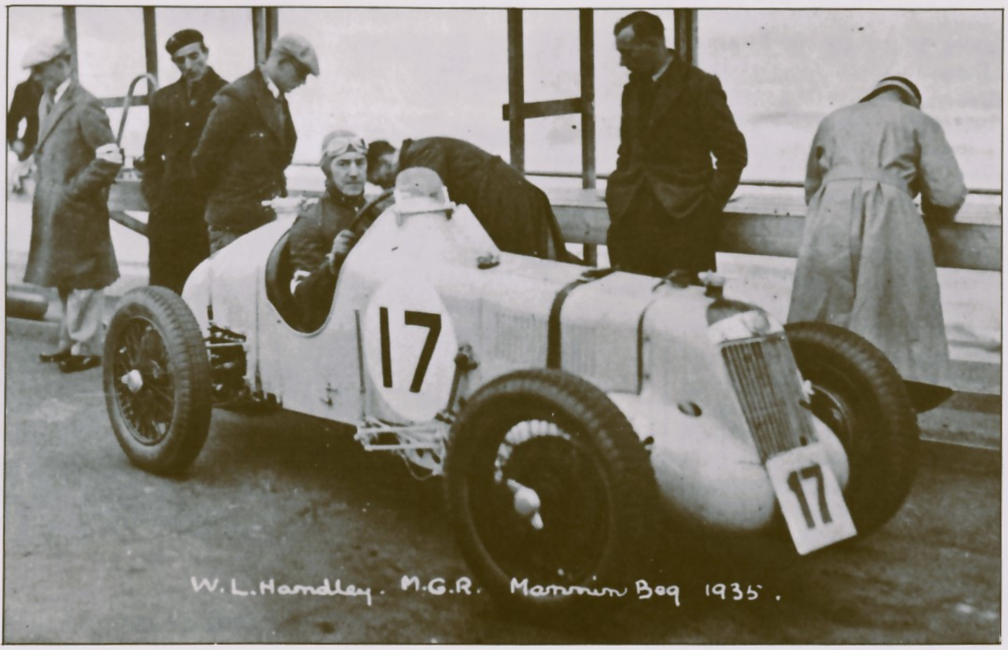
Before the war Major 'Goldie' Gardner had been timed at over 203 mph in a 1,100 cc MG, albeit rather a special one. He continued these high-speed capers after Hitler had quit, making those memorable records in a specially streamlined MG with its engine ingeniously changed in swept volume before each run. He had a 350 cc MG which did 121.09 mph, a half-litre version which he motored at 154.86 mph, a 750 cc example good for over 159 mph and a 1½-litre MG which went at 189½ mph. This led on to Phil Hill doing a rousing 254.91 mph in America in 1959 with a stretched 2-litre supercharged twin-cam MG engine in a sleekly-bodied record car. Much respect, therefore, for MG and I am beginning to feel remorse for my luke-warm enthusiasm for the pre-war models, which stemmed mainly from a dislike of rubbery steering, low bottom-gear ratios and slab-tailed bodies. The slab tails were there for a purpose. In pre-war Britain a sport which thrived was the mud-storming trial. It consisted of motoring about the countryside and climbing, or trying to climb, impossibly muddy, slippery lanes, in an effort to 'clean' these 'observed sections' or to win marks by getting as near to the top of them as possible. It was a good, healthy, open-air sport. Passengers were kept busy reading the route cards and 'bouncing' in their seats to aid adhesion of the spinning driving wheels while drivers were fully occupied with picking the best possible way up the slimy gradients and endeavouring to kill wheel-spin by judicious application of engine power via the accelerator and gear lever.

The hills used were not exactly freak stoppers, nor were ascents up them timed, but they called for nimble cars and skill in driving if awards were to be gained. But it was the very mud they thrived on that caused their downfall. The knobbly-treaded tyres used to increase wheel-grip brought too much mud on to public roads linking the lane sections and the police called a halt. When ordinary tyres were substituted the fun had gone and the old style mud-trial, contested by ordinary sports cars over normal country terrain, unfortunately died out.

Before the war, though, these happy events happened every week-end, especially in the winter. Leather-clad crews would arrive at the start, down their beer, change the road-going back tyres for the 'comps', and roar away to do battle on the hills, to the heady aroma of hot mud and burnt castor oil, burning rubber and frying clutch lining. Failures were towed to the hill top by tractor or horse, while mechanical horse-power was not so



The first MG sold to the public was this 1802cc model produced at the Abingdon factory in 1924.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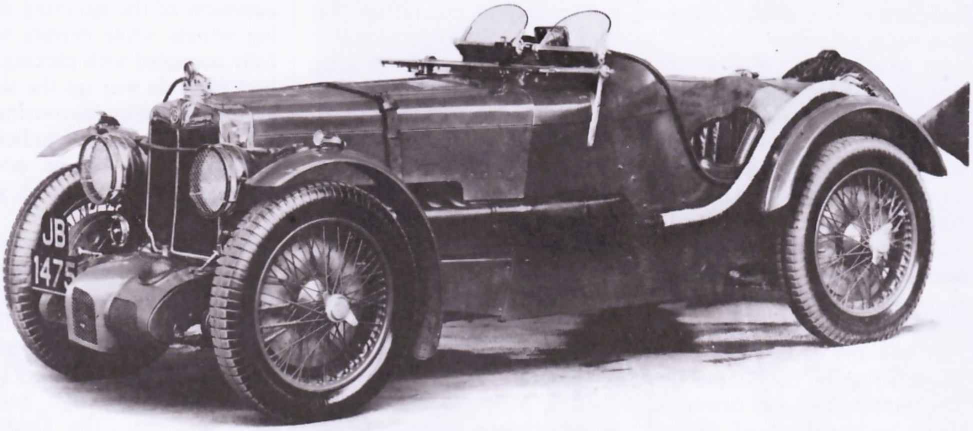
W. L. Handley. M.G.R. Mannin Beg 1935.

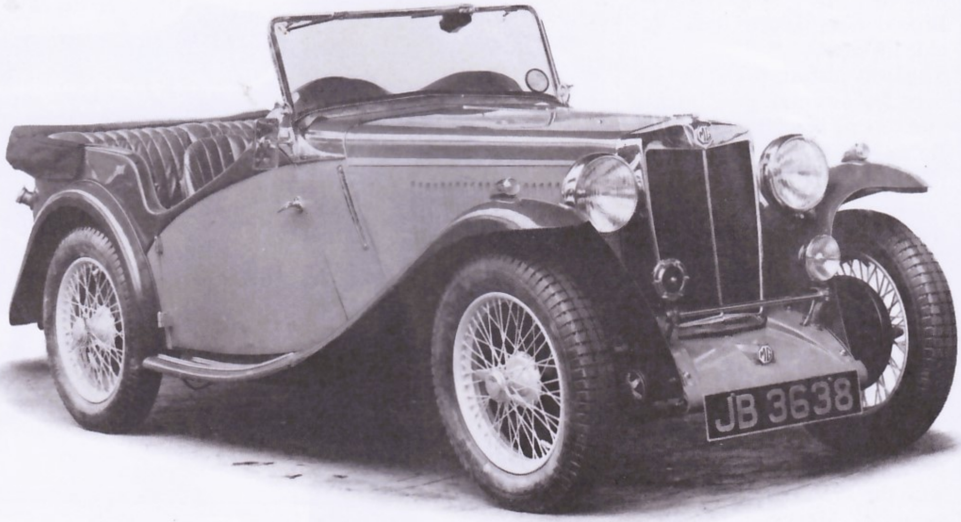
In 1935 ten of these 744cc R-type Midgets were built with a new, but unsuccessful type of chassis.

much at a premium as rearward weight distribution and a set of low gears. These mudlarks became semi-professional and bred a special kind of sports car. It needed a very low bottom gear, low-geared steering for feeling a way out of ruts and a slab fuel tank to get the weight well aft, aided by rear-mounted twin spare wheels. A pointed tail, as sported by the small French sports cars of the period, was useless and far too vulnerable on a trials car. A fold-flat windscreen was essential for seeing where you were aiming, because on a hectic climb mud was everywhere and screen-wipers would never have coped. To get even more grip it was customary to deflate the special tyres before a 'section'. A good tyre pump was therefore part of the essential equipment, because road holding on hard ground was nearly nil until the 'boots' had been reinflated. The luckless passenger was apt to be frightened, drenched and out of breath for most of the day – and sometimes the night – but was all the fitter for it and the trials girls all had good complexions from a combination of fresh air and involuntary mud-packs.

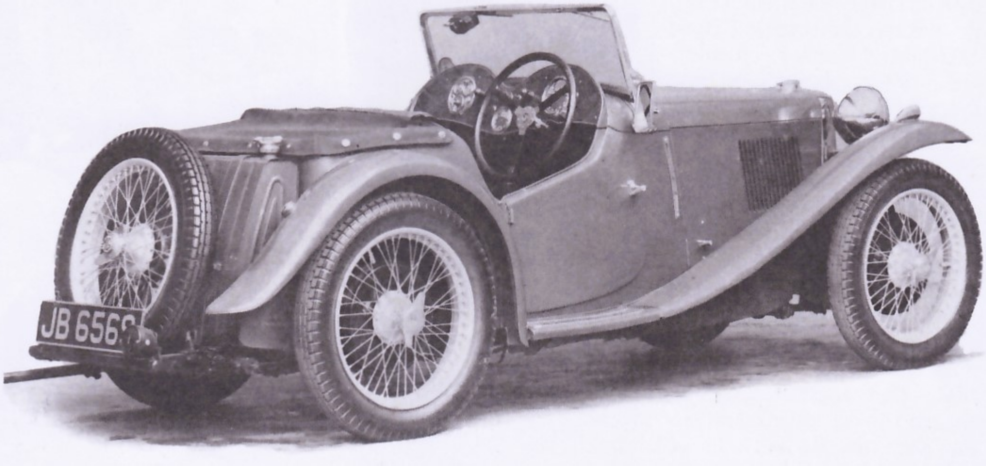
The MG Midgets were useful at this sort of game. The 1928 M-type was developed into the more sporty-looking J2 and there followed the PA and PB 847 and 939 cc Midgets, the push-rod ohv TA, TB and TC models of 1,292 and 1,250 cc, apart from other Midgets more suited to speed work. These followed the slab-tank trials-formula. Their competitors were such cars as Singer Nines, Fiat Balillas and HRGs. The Midgets were not, however, without their snags. The two-bearing J2 was all too prone to break its crankshaft if it was even fractionally over-revved – although replacement shafts were fortunately quite inexpensive, if you felt like popping a new one in. The J2 also started life under a stigma. It was capable of about 68 mph but *The Autocar* timed it at over 80 mph – the story goes that while the tester was having lunch the car was conveniently parked in MG's shed at Brooklands and the cylinder head was changed for a special one, before the timed tests on the track were conducted. Irate owners spent the next few months ringing up to know



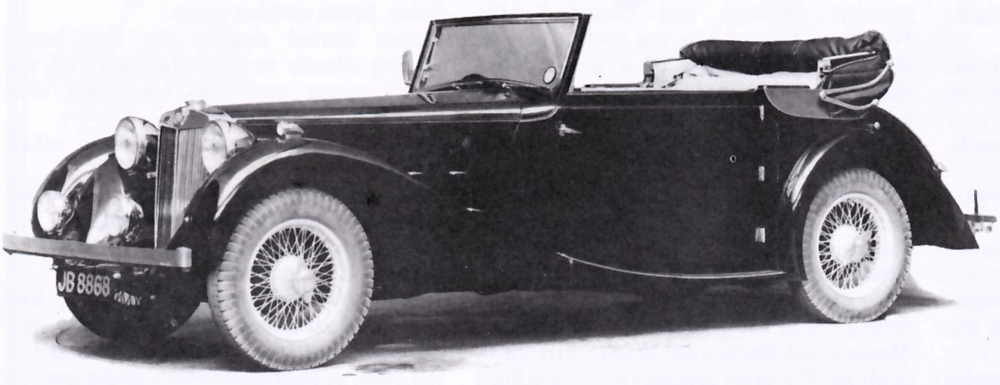
1933, the K3 Magnette in which Nuvolari won the Ulster TT



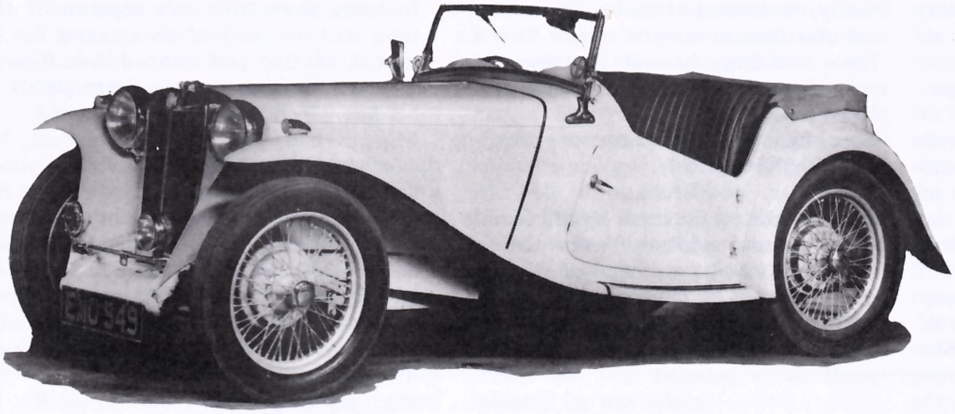
1934-36, familiar pre-war shape of the N-type Magnette



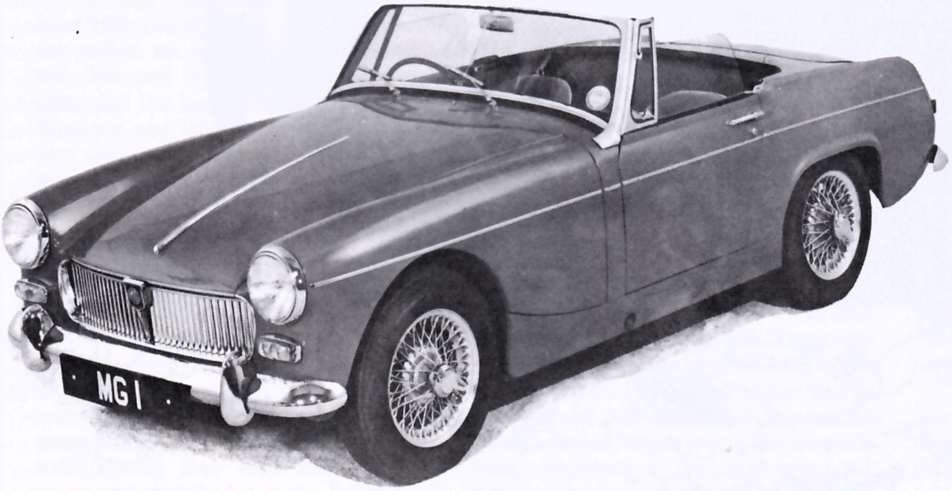
1935, the PB Midget developed from the trials formula



1936, getting fancier with the 2 litre drop head coupé



1945-49, the TC Midget was a highly popular sports car



Today's MG Midget has been selling well for over ten years

why their J2s were so much down on performance. But in 1933 the PB reached 74 mph. The T-type was thought by some to be effeminate, with its push-rod-prodded valves. The exaggerated speed claimed for one of these in an article in a war-time issue of *The Autocar* resulted in a time of open hostility for the breed. I have known a Press MG Midget to be sent out with 'doctored' speedometer.

Following faithfully in the wheel-tracks of Kimber's own MG Special, which won a gold medal in the 1925 London-Land's End Trial, there was a succession of highly successful MG slime-stormers. There were, for instance, the 1936 'Cream Crackers' consisting of a potent team of supercharged PB Midgets, and the same-vintage 'Three Musketeers', which were a mixture of Midget, Magna and Magnette MG components formed into significant trials cars. The 1937 'Cream Crackers' were more closely related to the catalogue non-supercharged TA Midgets and the 1938/39 'Three Musketeers' MG team used a similar engine, considerably souped and supercharged.

Drivers like R. A. Macdermid, J. A. Bastock, Maurice Toulmin, 'Jesus' Jones and Ken Crawford were amongst those who kept the revs up and the wheel-spin down in those contests against gravity in the carefree days before the war.

So mainly we think of the MG as the little car with the octagon badge – indeed, octagons sprouting all over it – which allowed fun to the less wealthy motoring sportsmen in pre-war trials, giving them a taste for the countryside as well as for competition motoring. But the MG refuses to lie down and it is good indeed to find the MG Midget still flourishing as the existing British Leyland confection, still with a push-rod engine, now 1,275 cc, and poking out 64 bhp at 5,800 rpm. A little 'fun-car' if ever there was one. The MGB backs up the Midget as a somewhat dated but still supremely pleasing, taut, well-handling sports car of 1,798 cc, which commands 95 bhp at 5,400 rpm.

From humble beginnings the MG has come a long way, embracing some illustrious history on the journey. It has earned dollars for Britain in a big way too.

Luck be a lady tonight

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two. I haven't met anyone who can crack them when they're together. On their own, yes, but not together. They have stag nights just like we do'.

Morgan swallowed the rest of his drink, grimaced and walked across the room to the table where Naomi and Josie were now sitting. He said no more than a dozen words.

'Well?' asked Bruce.

'They're ready when we are,' said Morgan, not surprised.

'Bloody fantastic!' Bruce rubbed his hands with anticipation.

'Josie's got a new tattoo on her bum,' Morgan continued, 'and isn't wearing any knickers, and Naomi said if you want your oats you'd better jump in quick because she's booked in again at the abortion clinic, which isn't your fault, and will be out of action for a few weeks. I told them we had to play cards first. They said they were happy to wait'.

Bruce patted Morgan's arm to express his admiration, then saluted the girls with his glass and ordered them rum and black. 'This is going to be a night to remember, Morgan m'boy,' he said. 'If your luck's as good as this we can't miss'.

The stripper was a thirty-year-old teenager, heavily painted in psychedelic colours to disguise premature wrinkles and a cæsarean scar. She was short, buxom, drunk and no-one cared whether she could dance or not, least of all her. She was giving the customers what she was paid for – flesh and plenty of it.

Her name was Roxine, but it could equally have been Lulu, Jacqueline, Fifi or any of the other nom-de-strips the pros use. She fell about the matchbox-top stage, nearly in time to the scratched record, discarding her clothes as elegantly as a fishwife undressing on a cold November night.

At the end of her act, Roxine tripped, literally, off-stage and cursed loudly. Nursing a bruised hip, she took a bow to the raucous applause of a well-satisfied audience. Bloom held the microphone in a podgy hand and announced considerately, 'Gentlemen, and ladies, the gaming tables are at your disposal.'

The audience broke up. They drifted in chattering groups to the roulette wheel, the craps table, to blackjack and one-arm bandits. Bloom eased his bulk behind the main card table. He sat there invitingly, a fresh pack in front of him.

Morgan and Bruce each bought £10 worth of chips. The seats around them were filled mainly by regulars. The last was taken by Roxine, or whatever her name was, in a see-through chiffon dress with nothing underneath, which she hoped would destroy concentration. She had removed the paint from her body, but her face was caked with thick make-up.

Bloom broke the cellophane on the pack. Swiftly, he looked at each player in turn and saw that most were poker fanatics. 'Three-card brag,' he said. Had there been a majority of brag players, he would have picked poker.

'Does anyone want to inspect the pack,' he asked, shuffling slowly.

'Yes, please,' said Bruce.

Bloom picked up the cards he had fumbled in surprise and solemnly passed the pack to Bruce, obviously insulted that his honesty should be questioned. Bruce held the cards close to the edge of the table. He counted them, dropping one to the floor as he did so. Nobody noticed, except Morgan. Then he handed them back and nodded his thanks.

'Everything satisfactory?' asked Bloom, a trace of sarcasm giving an edge to his voice. Bruce nodded again.

Bloom started dealing the first hand, vowing silently to cane the pants off the cocky young man and his friend with the funny look in his eyes.

'Why did you do that?' Morgan asked quietly.

'It's impossible to rig a deck of cards when there's one missing,' Bruce whispered out of the corner of his mouth. 'Just a bit of insurance for us'.

Within an hour all other gambling had stopped. Latecomers edged their way into the crowd at the card table at the far end of the club, craned their necks and muttered questions to those already standing there. The centre of interest was pointed out to them – a man in his twenties, cool, composed, languidly smoking a cigar, relaxed, winning. Two girls, one built like an athlete, the other simmering sexily, beamed happily behind his chair.

The higgledy-piggledy stacks of chips towering from Morgan's segment of the table told the story of his amazing run of luck. Luck that had stunned even Bloom. Shocked him down to the sweat glands in his feet which were rotting his socks.

Morgan had won every single deal. He won when he had a top hand, he won when he bluffed. He won when he looked at his cards, he won when he went blind. Fifteen deals fifteen straight wins. Morgan inhaled dramatically on his cigar, conscious that all eyes were upon him. Naomi thumped him somewhere between the shoulder blades

turn to page 66

'Hold on – he's trying to tell us something'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

'When we leave this party, I'm going to take you back to my flat . . .'
'Oh no you're not!'
'When I get you inside, I'm going to take you in my arms and kiss you so passionately that your resistance melts in the heat of my ardour . . .'
'Oh no you're not!'
'Then I'm going to take all your clothes off, garment by tantalizing garment . . .'
'Oh no you're not!'
'Then I'm going to take you by the hand and lead you gently into the bedroom...'
'Oh no you're not!'
'Then I'm going to make wild, violent, passionate, exquisite love to you . . .'
'Oh no you're not!'
'And I'm not going to take any precautions.'
'Oh yes you are!'

Clive was a young stockbroker with everything going for him. He had a large house in Esher, a brand new E-type and he had just married the beautiful Sarah. But only a few months after his marriage he was tortured by suspicions of his wife's infidelity.
One weekend he had to leave town on a business trip and confided his worries to his best friend, Jonathan, who agreed to keep an eye on his wife while he was away.
First thing Monday morning, Clive demanded a full account of Sarah's activities.
'Well,' said Jonathan, 'about half an hour after you'd gone a shiny new sports car pulled up outside your flat and a tall, bronzed fellow leapt out. Sarah came out the house, looking absolutely fabulous, and I followed the two of them to a small, intimate restaurant in Chelsea. After the meal they drove to a dimly-lit night club in the West End where they had drinks and danced together very intimately until about three in the morning. I trailed them back to your house where they parked outside and saw them hugging and kissing passionately in the car. Then they went into the house and through the living room window I watched them mixing more drinks and rolling about on the sofa. Finally they went into the bedroom and switched out the lights, so I couldn't see any more.'
'That's the trouble,' exclaimed Clive. 'Always that element of doubt.'

A farmer's prize bull, whose services were much in demand, seemed to have lost all interest in performing its duties. The worried owner consulted a veterinary surgeon who assured him that the loss of virility was only temporary and would soon be restored by giving the animal some grey tablets which the vet was able to supply.
Within three days the bull bucked up his ideas and was threatening to crash through a fence to get to a neighbour's cows.
The farmer told his neighbour of the treatment.
'What do you suppose is in those tablets?' he was asked.
'I haven't the faintest idea,' the farmer confessed. 'All I know is that they taste rather like onions.'

Have you ever played Russian charades? The three players go into a room and each drink a crate of vodka. Then one player leaves and the others have to guess who it was.

The angry husband burst into the bedroom and saw his wife sprawled naked across the mattress with a stranger.
'What are you two doing?' he bellowed.
'There,' said his wife, 'I told you he was stupid.'

An Englishmen went to visit a Lithuanian friend of his in hospital. Tragically, while he was there the friend died. But as he died he whispered something in Lithuanian. Anxious to know what his friend's dying words were, the Englishman consulted a language specialist. After a long investigation the reply came back that his friend had murmured, 'You're standing on the tube of my artificial respirator.'

'Well, if your husband wants oral sex, give it to him,' the middle-aged matron comforted her soon-to-be-married daughter. 'Most men aren't satisfied with just talking about it.'

Did you hear about the London businessman who wanted to see his wife in something long and flowing, so he pushed her into the Thames?

Robin Hood was on his death bed with all his merry men looking sorrowfully on.
'Before I go,' said Robin, 'fetch me my trusty bow and one arrow.'
This was quickly done and Robin continued, 'I'll fire this arrow and wherever it lands, bury me there.'
He fired the arrow high into the air and, after he had died, his men complied with his wishes and laid him to rest in the ceiling.

'How do you do so well with girls?' the frustrated undergraduate asked his roommate.
'You've got to have a gimmick,' the roommate responded, 'for instance I've painted a white circle on the dashboard of my car. My dates always ask about it, from there I can turn the conversation around to white things in general, then to abstract white things like virginity, and after that it's easy to talk them into it.'
'That sounds simple enough,' the friend agreed. That evening he painted a white circle on his dashboard before picking up his date.
'That's rather unique – to have a white circle on your dash,' the girl said soon after she got into the car.
'Yes, isn't it?' the young fellow replied. 'Do you want a screw?'

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who were forced to live belly to belly
For one pitch black night
They used Araldite
Instead of petroleum jelly.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Let a third party in, Cyn, and which of us gets the bird?

Three in a bed might sound like fun, but it could be a case of troil and error, asserts Mike George

'What about troilism, Michael?'

'Beg your pardon?'

'What about troilism?'

'Cyn, let me finish the paper will you please, love. You know Sunday is sacred to me. It's the only day I can really relax and unwind and recoup.'

'Re what?'

'Recoup, dear. Consolidate, gather strength.'

'Sounds like a crossword.'

'Yes dear. Now what's all this you're banging on about Troy. Has Helen sent those books back yet?'

'No she hasn't. And I wasn't talking about Troy. I mentioned troilism.'

'Oh. You mean like in "two's up Claude, after you".'

'I suppose so, yes.'

'Oh, I see. Well. Whatever made you mention a thing like that, Cyn?'

'I was just reading a piece here about this bird in one of those TV ads who lives with two guys – and also those two jockeys shacking up with the same barmaid and loving it and . . . well. What do you think?'

'About what, Cyn? TV ads – or you living with a jockey?'

'No – do try and help a bit, won't you? You know we're getting a trifle jaded of late. I must say I quite fancy Tony and I know bloody well you'd give your eye teeth to get across Helen and . . .'

'That's not troilism, Cyn. That's just a breakdown in moral standards. It's four and it's wife swapping and it's dirty orgy stuff and smacks of law courts and estranged neighbours. Troilism is either you, me and Tony without Helen; you, me and Helen without Tony; Tony, Helen and me without you – which you wouldn't be all that keen on; or Tony, Helen and you without me – which definitely isn't on. There may be some other permutation I've missed but there's always one party gets his nose out of joint and has to sweat it out and sulk till the last moan has died away. Troilism between married couples isn't all it's cracked up to be. The only other alternative is to import a guy with homosexual tendencies, or else a girl with a leaning towards female companionship. Think how it would grab you to see the guy you'd selected frantically invading my privacy or the girl I'd dragged in for the occasion indulgently receiving her due from me while trying to tickle your own fancy at the same time. No, Cyn – troilism is dicey from your standpoint as a committed woman. If you were an unattached bachelor girl and wanted to opt for that scene then I'd say it was just fine and a wonderful way to sort out your values and things. But it's certainly not my bag.'

'You're square.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'You're chicken. You're frightened to try anything with a bit of spice attached to it. One up and one down and clean sheets on Friday and you're a happy man. Right?'

'Right.'

'The most exciting thing you've ever let me do was to wear my black stockings in bed once – and then you slept on the couch in case I laddered them.'

'Well just how far do you want to go, Cyn? Why not get your fantasy lover to bring his motor bike to bed with us too? Then we can have clean sheets every night.'

'Honestly, Michael. I don't know what's the matter with you. When I think how you used to bang on over the years trying to whet *my* appetite to your evil ways . . . "suck it and see, Cyn" you used to leer at me about every innovation on the bookstall from plastic fingers to last longer cream. Now I'm converted you're backing off and depriving me. It's like teaching a horse to gallop and then tethering it up all day.

I reckon I could jolly well leave you on grounds of conjugal cruelty or something. Twice a day and that's your lot lately. You're just a shadow of your former self. Where's all your old zest gone?'

'I don't know dear. Perhaps you threw them out with my old pants.'

'Zest, I said. Zest. Not vests.'

'I don't know where it's gone, Cyn. I'm jaded, I guess. I'm tired. I'm getting past my prime. Old age is creeping on a pace and beginning to take its toll, y'know.'

'Male menopause getting to you, dear?'

'I do think so, Cyn, yes.'

'Mmmmm. At 34. Didn't get much of a run for your money, did you love? Must have burnt yourself out along the way. Whereas I'm just coming up to my prime, y'see. These are a woman's best years between 30 and 40. Peak performances and all that, y'know.'

'Yeah?'

'Oh yes. According to statistics I'm just ripe for taking on a string of lovers.'

'But you wouldn't really, Cyn . . . heh heh . . . I mean . . . Would you?'

'I don't know dear. You're away quite a bit these days, aren't you – and I'm on my own here rather a lot. You must admit it's an appealing thought and one which I confess I have to fight down fairly consciously and . . .'

'Oh come on, Cyn. Seriously. You wouldn't *would* you?'

'Assuming I did and you found out about it – which you wouldn't – would it hurt you too much if you did? If I had, that is?'

'Well of course it would, Cyn. This is an important time for us, after all. Everything we've ever worked for is bearing fruition. The rest of our lives depends upon what I'm able to achieve over the next ten years. It's all for nothing if you decide to do the dirty on me now.'

'At least you must allow me to *think* about it, Michael. You don't own me body and soul, you know. I've given you the best years of my life fetching and carrying and cooking and washing and apologising to hosts and relieving your tension and things. Surely a girl's allowed one little indiscretion somewhere along the line to make up for all that?'

'An indiscretion, Cyn, maybe. If it is unavoidable and occurs unintentionally and is just as soon terminated. I'm nothing if not understanding of human frailty. But what you're suggesting is a full scale cold blooded transference of loyalties and lingerie to some other sod's camp. Who is he, anyway?'

'Who's who?'

'This guy you want to . . . you know . . . with.'

'Oh heavens, it hasn't actually got as far as that. Yet. I mean there's no-one actually earmarked waiting in the shrubbery till you go down to the local. You can quite happily go to work tomorrow reasonably secure in the knowledge that things will be pretty much the same when you come home for your tea.'

'Then whatever's the point of all this flap and scare, Cyn?'

'Simply to recreate an awareness in you, Michael, that's all. We are neither of us getting any prettier but we don't have to take each other quite so much for granted. A little bit of titillation would still be nice now and then . . .'

'Come on then, I'll elate your titties now.'

'You know I don't mean that. But let's think of *some*thing to brighten things up a bit for once. I suggested troilism just to get you thinking. Quite honestly the way we're going we'll soon be hard pressed to find another party who would take us on. Mine will soon start drooping and you've been sagging for about a year now and I simply thought a third party might give us a bit of an uplift.'

'Mmmmm.'

'What do you mean? Mmmmm?'

'Well, it does have it's possibilities, Cyn, I must admit. In fact I suppose it's quite an attractive idea, really. How would we arrange it, I wonder? Put an advert in one of those magazines? Or perhaps we could get the local rag to run it under their situations vacant column for a few days and see what sort of response we get from that.'

'Now you're just being facetious, Michael.'

'No I'm not, doll – honestly. I'm just thinking how we could fix it up practically. What should we go for to start with, do you think? Male or female? As it was your idea it would be nice to start off with another man. They do say it's meant to be very exciting to watch your wife making love with another man. All the imagined traumas and susceptibilities are swept aside when faced with the reality of the situation. Or would you rather have a woman first and give your latent lesbian tendencies an airing?'

'Latent lesbian tendencies? *What* latent lesbian tendencies? *I* haven't *got* any latent lesbian tendencies!'

'Of *course* you have, Cyn. To a greater or lesser degree every woman has them. The same as I'm basically queer.'

'You're not.'

'Perhaps not at the moment, no, but naturally I've got the hormones which say I could be. Perhaps they only require a slight knock in the night and I shall wake up a screaming poof. May even wriggle my toesies into your dinky little pink pumps to go and spend a penny.'

'Oh stop being so absurd.'

'Well it could happen, Cyn, honestly. If you let a third party invade the sanctified privacy of the nuptial suite in an attempt to provide kicks – especially if it's a guy on a motorbike – then you must expect to get all the kicks that are going. It's a delicate biochemical balance you're messing around with and the mental key which regulates that balance has its master switch . . . down there. Tamper with it and anything might happen.

'Michael . . . I'll tell you what . . .'

'What, Cyn?'

'If you promise to forget the whole thing then I promise never to mention it again.'

'Mention what, Cyn?'

'Troilism . . . or anything else like.'

'Oh. All right then dear.'

'Well . . . ?'

'Well what?'

'Kiss me, you damn fool.'

'Oh . . . yes, of course . . . all right, Cyn. Where exactly?'

'Anybloodywhere . . . just kiss me. And let's be content with good old simple wonderful one up and one down and clean sheets on Friday. Right?'

'Yes. Righto, Cyn.'

Luck be a lady tonight

continued from page 62

and after a while he stopped coughing. Bruce had quit ten minutes earlier when he bet his last pound on a small run, which would probably have taken the pool in any normal game. Not this one. Morgan's second royal of the evening had annihilated Bloom's ace-king-queen. The others had dropped out one by one.

Bloom dealt another hand, to Roxine, to Morgan and to himself. His confidence and reputation as a card player was steadily oozing out of him with each drop of sweat. He had stacked the deck in half a dozen different ways to finish Morgan. He could not understand why he had failed. His chips were dwindling fast. This young man could break the bank.

The cards scudded noiselessly across the green baize. Roxine's face fell when she saw her hand. Wearily, she leaned back and her tits slid off the table and hit her in the stomach. She took another slug of brandy.

'I'm pished off,' she told anyone who wanted to listen. 'Should've gone home and played with myshelf. Hic. At leasht it would've been more fun than thish'.

'Shut up,' Bloom said tersely.

'Pish off, you fat bashtard,' said Roxine.

Bloom quickly recovered his composure. 'Would someone please escort the lady home?'

Willing hands helped her to her feet and led her away. 'Who did that?' she snapped as she was led from the table by a suave, elderly man. 'If it wash you, darling,' she said to an innocent woman, 'I'll bite your bloody nipplesh off'.

The door closed and shut off the string of abuse.

'Your bet, I believe,' Bloom said to Morgan, dismissing Roxine from his mind as if she had never been there.

'One pound blind,' said Morgan.

Bloom fanned out his cards face down on the table, hooked a thumbnail under the edges nearest him, lifted them a fraction, peered and let the cards snap back on the table. The whole operation took a matter of seconds. His bland expression did not change as he flicked £2 worth of chips into the middle.

'Three pounds blind,' said Morgan, relishing Bloom's accumulated discomfort in the heavy, stale atmosphere. Bloom counted £6 worth of chips and tossed them into the middle. Morgan looked at Bruce next to him. Bruce winked.

'Five blind,' said Morgan.

Ten £1 chips from Bloom clinked under the yellow light, which hung low from the ceiling over the table.

Morgan picked up each card separately. Five of hearts. Six of hearts. Seven of hearts. His luck was soaring out of sight, like a jet banking high above the clouds.

'Twenty,' he said.

Bloom raised the bet to £30.

'Forty.'

Bloom stacked without fuss, but was breathing rapidly.

Bruce helped Morgan scoop up the chips as the crowd babbled excitedly. Sixteen wins in a row, they said. Bruce re-lit Morgan's cigar while Bloom dealt another hand.

'Did I say Lady Luck clouted you with a tree?' he smiled. 'Make that Epping Forest.'

The pool had mounted to about £90 when Morgan paused.

'I think you're bluffing,' he said. He narrowed his eyes for the fullest possible effect, like he had seen Sean Connery do in a James Bond film. Bloom shrugged.

'I'm bluffing, too, but not as much as you.' Bloom said nothing. 'Let's have a laugh – show me what you've got.'

Bloom turned over his cards. Morgan opened his eyes so he could see better. Seven high.

'A nine,' said Morgan.

Bloom dabbed the nape of his neck with a wet handkerchief, and the crowd gasped and each wished he had been playing and had had a ten. Seventeen wins in a row and no sign of this boy's luck deserting him. Bloom had developed a twitch in his cheek. Three more cards skidded to a halt inches from Morgan's fingers. Bruce rose to his feet and arched his stiff shoulders.

'Let's call it a day at quarter-past,' he said. 'I'll buy the girls one last drink, then we'll go back to the flat. Okay?'

'Fine with me,' said Morgan, putting a chimney on top of the two-storey house he had made from his chips. 'I'm beginning to get bored anyway'.

☆ ☆ ☆

'Just the one bed,' Bruce replied to Josie.

'But big enough,' Naomi said knowingly.

'Lovely,' squeeked Josie. 'Can we all undress together?'

'If you want,' said Bruce.

'And stand naked by the window?'

'Why not?'

'And all jump into bed at the same time?'

'Sure.'

'And leave the light on?'

'Josie you're depraved,' said Naomi.

'Can we?' squeeked Josie, toying with Bruce's zip.

'Anything you like,' said Bruce.

'Anything!'

Naomi intervened. 'Anything but THAT,' she said.

'Oh, why not?' Josie pouted disappointedly.

'Why not what?' asked Bruce.

'Just this once,' pleaded Josie.

'No,' said Naomi.

'Go on.'

'No. It's unhealthy.'

'What's unhealthy?' asked Bruce.

'She knows,' said Naomi.

'Yes, but I don't,' said Bruce. 'Will one of you please tell me what we're talking about?'

'THAT, silly,' explained Josie.

Before Bruce could pin them down, a roar from the table diverted his attention. One or two onlookers applauded spontaneously. Bruce grinned at the two girls. 'It's nearly quarter-past. I'll nip across and get Morgan. He must have won close to £1,000. Don't go away'.

He patted them both on the ass. Josie straightened his tie, pulled up his zip, tucked in his shirt and did up his belt.

Bruce pushed his way through the crowd.

'Never seen anything like it, have I', a lean cockney told him. 'That mate of yours has got nerves of bleeding steel.' He was shouting above the hub-hub. 'Didn't bat a bleeding eyelid, did he. Not bleeding once. Seventeen bleeding wins in a row and . . . '

'Eighteen,' Bruce gently corrected. 'That was the eighteenth'.

'That's the point,' said the cockney, wiping beer from his lips with the palm of his hand. 'He lost'.

Bruce felt someone had kicked him in the balls. 'What did you say?'

'I'm telling you, aren't I. He lost. And not a bleeding flicker . . . '

Bruce didn't hear him any more.

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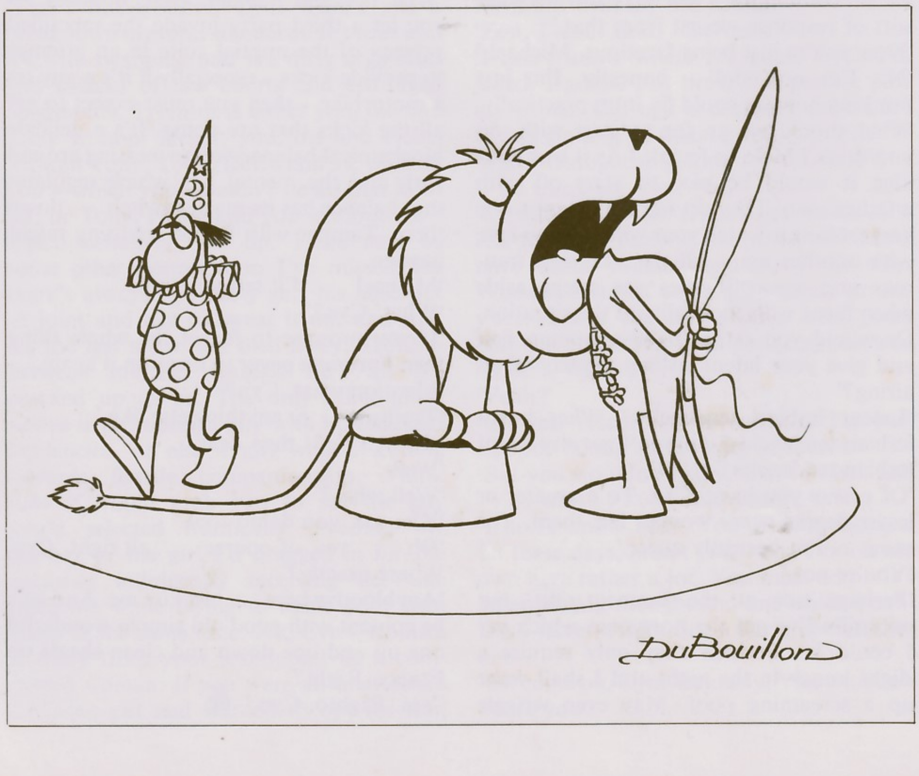
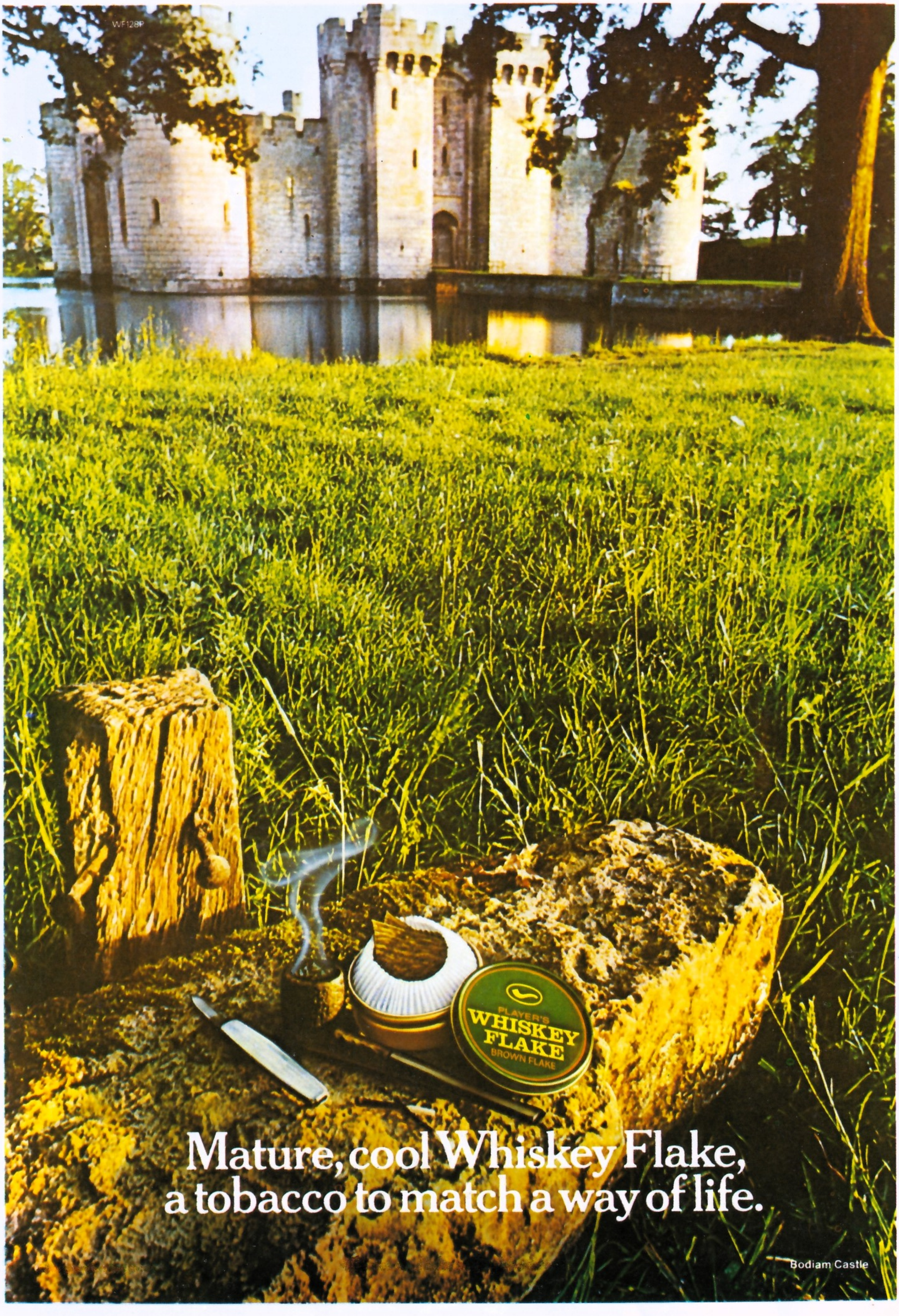


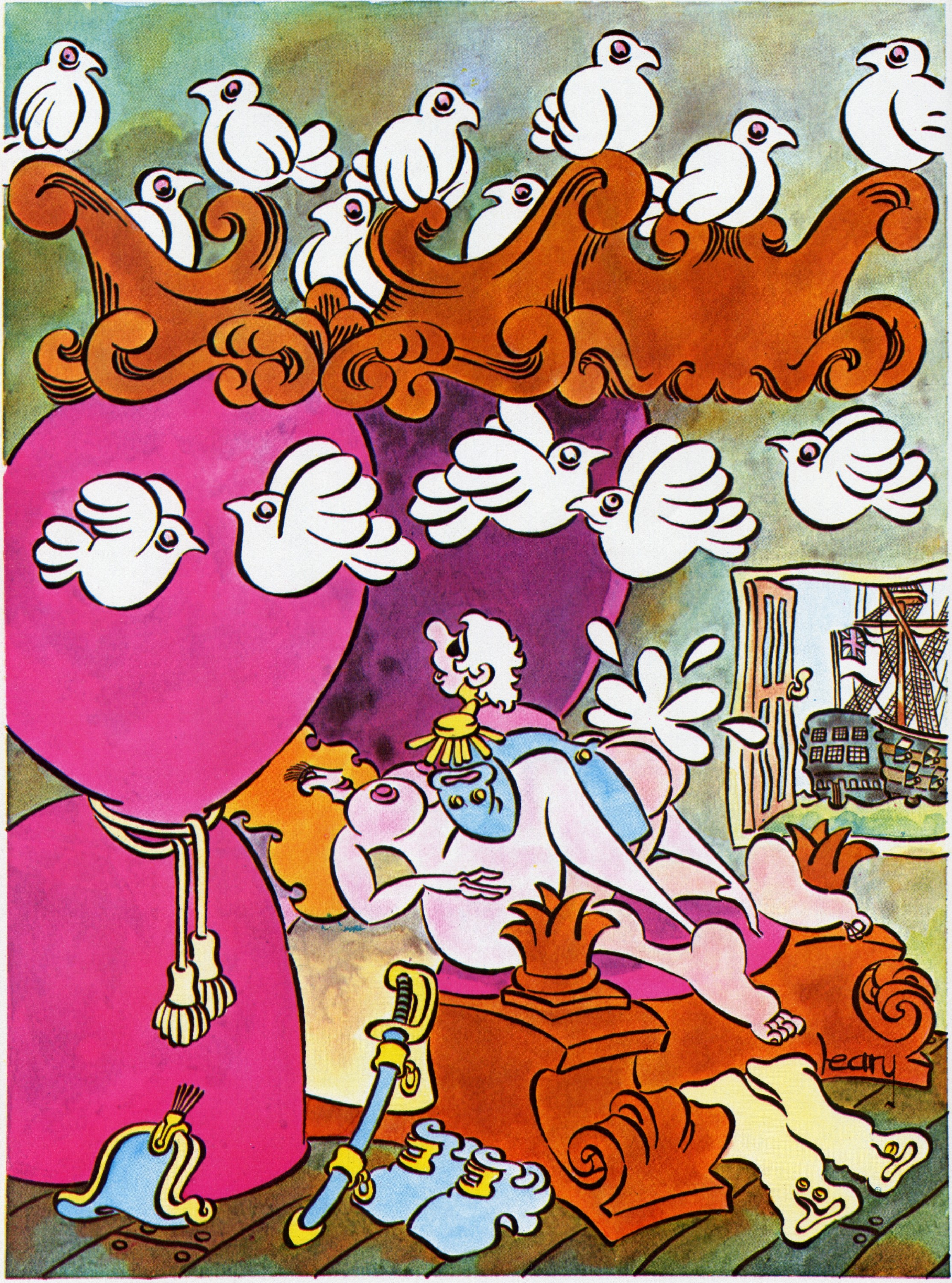

WF128P
PLAYER'S
WHISKEY
FLAKE
BROWN FLAKE
Mature, cool Whiskey Flake,
a tobacco to match a way of life.
Bodiam Castle

MINERVA

By Royal Appointment, Miss Minerva Smith, or at least tacitly . . . Honey-skinned Minerva is the official pin-up of H.M.S. Minerva, the very vessel on which Prince Charles is currently practising Naverie. Sadly, none of her fan mail has borne the Royal letterhead but Minerva plans a morale-boosting visit to the ship's Chatham dock soon, with who knows what result . . . This aspiring young actress

from Guyana, South America, has been raising our morale ever since her shapely 34-23-34 flashed across our television screens as a member of an all-girl firing squad in a Doncella cigar advertisement three years ago. Dedicated detective work brought us close to her in Germany, where she is currently doing a lot of work, and we had the full-frontery to suggest that she bare for us. To our delight she finally concurred and we think you'll agree with us that good things are worth waiting for. Twenty-three-year-old Minerva is one of those rare women who combine fine beauty, vibrant sexuality and a great personal warmth. Now a naturalised Briton, she came to this country eight years ago with a yearning to follow in the tradition of those great stage hoofers and all-around entertainers, Carmen Miranda and Dorothy Dandridge. Since Doncella days she has had fleeting roles in television's 'Honey Lane' and 'Z Cars' and a recent Andrews Liver Salts ad. If you missed her never mind, she can be seen in the new Roger Moore

version of Bonderie. Meanwhile she flits between her parents home in Croydon and numerous acting locations, including Germany and Czechoslovakia, where she last appeared playing a French girl. Minerva regards herself as a true representative of Guyana, being a mixture of the country's six races, which include Chinese, East Indian, Amerindian, Negroid, Portuguese and Scottish. The odd Scot was Minerva's grandfather, who came to Guyana as a missionary, fell for an East Indian lady, and stayed.



'My dear Lady Hamilton, it's the curse of being a legend in one's own lifetime.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

Many secret desires that go beyond the realms of conventional sexual appetites may be kept locked away in our minds for years. It is not until some accident or chance encounter occurs that they are provoked into action. When these highly personal fancies become a reality how will the partner react? He or she may not always be wary of innovations that go beyond traditional love making. The girls we found for this month's interviews had discovered such ideas that roused their men, who were excited by the clothes they wore, the uniforms they put on. None of them realised the sexuality of their dress, but the effect that it had was quite startling.

INTRODUCTION

One of the reasons that Quest interviews are tirelessly fascinating lies in the fact that no two people have the same idea about sexual mores. It is the difference in appetites, gratifications and fancies that determine the compatibility of couples. These differences are not, however, always immediately realised; highly personalised and sometimes secret desires may take many years before they rise to the fore. But whenever they do, they present one of the greatest tests of compatibility and understanding.

This month we found three girls who had, at various points in their relationships, encountered a shift of emphasis in the sexual pursuits of their partners. In the cases of two of the girls, after initial surprise at the new ideas and tricks of their mates, they felt themselves equally excited by the fresh approach and found the experiences helped form a closer bond between them.

The third, however, though admitting that the exercise was thoroughly enjoyable, was quick to put a stop to the affair because of it. It is reasonable to suppose that the best relationships, those most mutually harmonious, are the ones that early on come to terms with the pleasures of the participants. But how many girls, we wonder, have reached this point and how easily have they accepted the hidden wishes of their men?

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, 28 years old, brunette, town of origin Swindon**

This interviewee had tried a number of jobs after leaving school but had finally settled for marriage as an alternative to a career. Her husband, an accountant, was six years older. They had been married eight years and had two children.

Quest: Your husband has a certain sexual predilection?

Housewife: I was just thinking, perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it. I don't mean I think it's anything that should be hidden, just it's not all that important, I mean our lives aren't dominated by it.

Quest: This is a certain way of having sex rather than a desire for certain physical endowments in a woman?

Housewife: I'm not sure, if you mean bottoms and breasts by that then being a schoolgirl is just as much the same thing don't you think. I don't know why I'm telling you all this, you've probably got your own preference too. Surely everyone's got some sort of preference for sorts of sex.

Quest: You've had experience of this with many other men?

Housewife: Hardly. I wasn't a vestal virgin before I got married, but *many?* I was just trying to point out that my husband liking sex one way more than another doesn't mean anything special; not trying to get involved in telling all about my sex life before I was married. I mean my husband knows I'm seeing you and he's going to read all this. I don't want to drag up all my past affairs.

Quest: But he does know about them?

Housewife: It's not the same to see it all written down in cold print. Some things really are for the bedroom only, aren't they?

Quest: But you have agreed to talk about your sex life with your husband?

Housewife: Of course, that's what I'm telling you about. The things he likes specially doing.

Quest: And those are?

Housewife: Mainly it was something he never told me about. I mean I didn't guess until we'd been married nearly six years anything about this at all. There wasn't anything wrong with making love, we still did, not so often as at first but still that's to be expected isn't it?

Quest: What happened?

Housewife: Well, the first inkling I had of it was one Saturday morning in the car. The children were in the back and Paul was driving us to the shops. He stopped for a schoolgirl on the crossing in the high street. I think she had a jacket and white socks, some school uniform. She was quite an attractive girl if I remember right. Paul looked as though he couldn't take his eyes off her. And the look on his face. It was the first time I'd known him to look at another female like that since we were married and though I made a joke about it, it quite shook me. I mean she was so young.

Quest: What else made you suspicious?

Housewife: He seemed to get more and more of a thing about schoolgirls after that. I thought then it was young girls but it wasn't, it was as much the school uniform, as the girl inside it. I found this magazine, not really a magazine, more a small booklet. It wasn't all that rude but he'd tried to hide under the wardrobe and must have forgotten it was there because I'd told him I was going to move the bedroom about. All it was was a series of black and white pictures of a girl in a skimpy school uniform that was much too small for her – she had big breasts and she was obviously older than sixteen. She started off sitting on a desk in her uniform and ended up naked astride a blackboard ruler, nothing terribly rude, but it made me think. I mean Paul had bought Mayfair and Playboy before but I'd never seen him reading anything like this. I didn't know why he'd bought it. I didn't still really understand so I didn't mention it, just threw it away.

Quest: It surprises me that you didn't mention it to your husband.

Housewife: It wasn't because I was naive or stupid or anything. My marriage was a good one and I didn't want to start a rift and have Paul accusing me of spying on him. I thought it might be a phase he was going through. I had all day to think about it until he got home and after the first surprise of the book I thought there couldn't be much harm in it if it didn't go any further.

Quest: But it did?

Housewife: What really worried me was when I found Paul giving a lift to the girl just down the road, not because I thought it was anything but Paul's good nature but because she was such a flighty piece.

Quest: She was a schoolgirl?

Housewife: Yes. He must have given her a lift home from school. Well, he had, because I asked him about it, but I saw the car draw up and out she jumped and went into her house. We knew the family quite well and that's how I knew she was flighty. She wasn't much older than fifteen but she really was a big girl. When I asked Paul about it he said she'd had to stay late at school and he'd seen her waiting at a bus stop so he'd stopped to give her a lift, naturally. So what could I say? I couldn't really say anything.

Quest: You didn't suspect your husband of anything?

Housewife: I didn't like the idea that he might give her another lift at some time.

Quest: By this time you were aware of his attraction to schoolgirls?

Housewife: The lift was something that would have happened whether or not though wouldn't it? The feeling just grew more and more that there was something wrong – he was too interested, not in young girls but young girls in school uniform. I mean the same girl didn't do anything for him even in a mini skirt and things.

Quest: This situation obviously had to be resolved sooner or later?

Housewife: And quite by chance in a way. We pay a sort of annual pilgrimage to our parents once a year. This time we stayed with my mother for a week. It's a big house, too big for just my mother really, but one of the things I enjoy best is rooting through all my old junk, all the stuff I had when I was a kid, hockey sticks, dolls' houses, things like that. Both our children are boys so it's just left there. I was upstairs in the spare room, where it's all stored, when I came across my old school jacket and skirt. The jacket still had the badge on. I was really up there sorting out one or two things I wanted to take back with us, some old books and things but I'd got sidetracked into having a look in the old trunk where my old clothes were. There was a white shirt we used to wear too and a striped tie that was already knotted and just slipped under the collar on a piece of elastic. You know how it is with women, give them their old clothes and the first thing they start thinking is whether they still fit or not.

Quest: You tried the uniform on?

Housewife: I gathered it all together, the hat too, a battered straw thing we used to wear, and a couple of skirts I thought would still look nice on me if I altered them and nipped along to the bedroom. Paul was in there looking for some cigarettes in his jacket pocket. I don't think he was keen on being left alone downstairs with mother either. I was embarrassed about the old clothes so I tried to hide them behind my back. Paul noticed. He said: 'What have you got there?' I said they were just some of my old clothes I was going to try on to see if they still fitted. He sat on the bed smiling and said: 'Go ahead, I won't laugh,' or something he thought was funny. I don't know why I should have felt embarrassed about it in front of him. He was as familiar with my body as I was.

Quest: You undressed in front of him?

Housewife: I didn't have much on, just slacks and a sweater and my undies. When he told me to take my undies off too I said: 'Paul, you're joking, I don't need to strip naked,' or something like that. But I thought, why not, let's see what happens. Then I felt randy taking them off, especially right in front of him like that but he just turned to the bed and picked up the uniform and handed it to me without a word.

Quest: Did it fit?

Housewife: That *would* have been flattering. The shirt just about buttoned, but my breasts had grown so much since then they bulged right through the material and kept pushing it open. I managed to get the skirt over my hips but it wouldn't do up at the side. The jacket wouldn't button either. It felt like being tied up in a parcel.

Quest: What was Paul's reaction?

Housewife: Well he was breathing heavily and staring at me. I was standing in front of the mirror on the wardrobe laughing at myself and thinking how terrible I looked and Paul moved up behind me and put his hands round me on my poor half squashed breasts. I could feel his erection through his trousers pressing into my bottom. If I hadn't felt so silly I'd have rested back in his arms and let him kiss me and hoped we'd make love. My nipples were growing hard under his fingers and he was working his hands under the shirt and I was getting shivers up and down my spine from his breath on the back of my neck but I felt so stupid in those clothes I just wanted to get out of them so I tried to pull away. He grabbed my arms and pushed me back to the bed. I was feeling randier and randier by the second but instead of laying me on the bed on my bottom he turned me round at the last minute and pushed me face down on the coverlet. I asked him what he was doing, I could feel him pulling up my skirt at the back but I couldn't see because his other hand was holding me face down on the bed. I suddenly knew he was going to spank me and I started wriggling and squirming to get away but Paul's very strong and he had me helpless. I could hardly believe what was happening, it had never happened before in our marriage and I was suddenly thinking about the way he looked at those schoolgirls and that magazine I'd found hidden. I struggled a bit more but I was trying not to be too noisy because it would bring mother upstairs and it might wake the children down the hall so I resigned myself to tensing my bottom and waiting, holding on to the coverlet with both hands. Truthfully I was half looking forward to it too. But he didn't spank me, not straight away. He smoothed his hand very gently on my bottom, working his fingers up and down between it, tickling the tops of my thighs and slowly trying to coax me to relax. I did relax and I even let my thighs open so his fingers could move right down and touch me on my fanny. I wanted him to touch me there, I was feeling so randy. Do you know what he did instead? He gave me such a wallop on my bottom. I yelled and, together with the sound of the smack, I thought mother must have heard it. My bottom tingled like anything but funnily it didn't stop me feeling randy, if anything I felt randier. I tried to get up because I was sure we were making a lot of noise but Paul wouldn't let me. He kept telling me to lie still and I kept telling him to stop it. He did that about six times, trying to relax me and then hitting me and working his fingers almost inside me all the time, just playing with me like that. Then when he did let me get up I was so worked up I rolled over on my back instead and left my legs open. The old school uniform was in a mess, all hanging off me, unbuttoned and crumpled but it still had an effect on Paul. He was already unzipped and he moved between my thighs and pushed his penis straight in as far as it would go. The force of him doing it nearly lifted my bottom off the bed. I remember gasping and grabbing him by the shoulders, pulling his head down and whispering in his ear what to do in short four letter words, something I'd never done before. Then I wrapped my legs round his back and helped him though he didn't need it. He was as strong as a bull that evening and he went on ages after I came and my thighs had fallen away from him onto the bed.

Quest: Has the school uniform played an important part in your sex life since then?

Housewife: I remember thinking afterwards what an effect it had had. I was going to take it back with us anyway but Paul made sure I did. I'd felt a bit embarrassed packing it but when we got home it seemed so normal to sit down and alter it to fit me, knowing too the reasons I would wear it.

Quest: Does Paul always react in the same way?

Housewife: It's not usually so much a question of his reactions to my wearing it. He might come home late and think up some reason why I'm a naughty little schoolgirl and must be spanked, then send me upstairs to dress in the uniform and wait for him. Actually since I let the skirt out to fit better and Paul made me take the hem up short it hardly looks like the school uniform I used to wear especially with the stockings.

Quest: What are the stockings?

Housewife: Black with elastic garters. I'd never seen them before. Paul phoned from work one afternoon and told me that as I hadn't got up to make his breakfast I must wait his pleasure that evening. I knew what that meant, he'd arrive home after I'd put the children to bed and expect to find me dressed as a shy schoolgirl. When I went to the drawer for the clothes I found the stockings on top. Paul had obviously bought them and put them there that morning or the evening before.

Quest: What happened that evening?

Housewife: When Paul came home I was wearing the schoolgirl uniform with no underwear but the black stockings and pink garters. He made me take his coat off and hang it up, then led me into the front room. Because I'd been a naughty lazy girl he sat on the arm of the settee and bent me over his lap. When I bent over the skirt covered nothing. After six slaps I was tingling, after twelve I was squirming to be let off the hook. He doesn't do it hard enough to really hurt, just enough to turn me pink and warm. Then he let me get up, took my hand and asked me if I was sorry for being a naughty little girl. I said I was, pretending to be a demure little thing with downcast eyes. Then he said: 'Come here and sit on my knee and I'll forgive you.' He opened his legs so I could sit on one thigh between them with my knees resting against the other. I said: 'Yesh, thank you, sir,' in a small schoolgirlish voice. I sat with my hands in my lap. Then Paul touched the front of his trousers where his penis bulged against them and said: 'Do you know what that is?' And I said: 'No, sir, what is it?' He said: 'It's a penis.' Still in my schoolgirlish voice I said: 'What's a penis?' He asked me if I would like to see it and I said: 'Ooh yes, I would.' Then he told me to undo the front of his trousers and I put my fingers in and pulled it out, hard and erect and I had to say: 'Oh what a beautiful thing, can I play with it, sir?' By this time we were both breathing hard and I was throbbing all over. I could feel my temples pounding and my knees were shaking. I was quite wet and ready. I know it was a game to bring Paul to fever pitch but it did the same for me I must admit. While I was doing this he had undone the buttons of my blouse so that the striped tie fell between my breasts and was fondling my nipples with both hands. Then he lifted my skirt to my waist and moved his legs together and pulled me up onto him facing him. I held him, until he was in me then he rocked me backwards and forwards until we both came and I wasn't a little schoolgirl any longer.

Quest: Is this a regular sexual activity?

Housewife: I think it's a high point in our love making, perhaps once a month or less.

Quest: It's a fixed pattern?

Housewife: Yes it happens more or less the same each time. I know it's something Paul needs but I was surprised at first, I still am, to find how deeply it excites me too. I'm afraid I look forward to it as much as he does. If we didn't do it I don't think he'd go out looking for young girls. I don't think he's the type to want to do it for real. It's not therapy for him, it's just a sexual release like any other. He has stopped staring at schoolgirls though.

Two **Policewoman, 24 years old, black haired, town of origin Bath**

This interviewee had left school to take a secretarial course. After temping for six months she'd become interested in a possible career with the police. She had finally plumped for the action and excitement of police work rather than remain office bound. Since the interview she has left the force to marry.

Quest: I find it a highly erotic thought – the soft willing female beneath the stern façade.

WPC: God, is the uniform really that bad? And what does soft and willing mean?

Quest: I think you're too attractive to keep the peace. I'd guess you've started more riots than you've controlled. Doesn't being attractive put you at a disadvantage?

WPC: You're being silly. I don't set out to be a hard-faced crime buster. I spend most of my time looking after small frightened children who've lost their mums and old ladies who want to cross the street.

Quest: So you've not had to protect your honour under that thick blue stuff?

WPC: Please. Is this going to be all uniform? There are some things I'd rather not talk about. We're all silly sometimes, we all do stupid things.

Quest: Having never interviewed a policewoman . . .

WPC: You didn't think I'd ever take you up on it, did you? Well look what two months badgering has brought you and now you don't know what to do with me.

Quest: You're a very positive young woman.

WPC: I think the job teaches you that if nothing else.

Quest: You don't look like a policewoman now, more a Kings Road dolly bird.

WPC: Did you want me to come here in my uniform? You don't have a thing about uniforms do you?

Quest: I'm still trying to get to this point of the erotic possibilities of a policewoman in uniform – what goes on underneath . . .

WPC: Dark tights and navy knickers usually.

Quest: I'd like to know whether the uniform has affected your sexual relationships.

WPC: I think you're getting at the incident I didn't really want to elaborate too much. Which is obviously the one thing you want to hear.

Quest: Until I saw you pounding the streets it never entered my head that policewomen ever had sexual relationships of any sort.

WPC: That's because either you can't accept it or you've never bothered to think about it before. I wasn't a virgin when I joined so why should I start acting like one now. But there are more pitfalls to avoid, men you cannot sleep with no matter how much you want, new moral standards you have to apply to yourself, things like that. Don't get the wrong idea about me, I'm not desperate, I'm steady and I'm engaged now. I've only had four men in my life and one of those was a bad mistake.

Quest: Was that connected with this attraction of knowing what lies beneath the uniform, this strong sexual attraction of knowing and not being able to touch or have perhaps?

WPC: Really. I'm just a female. I've got two breasts, nipples that are too big, slight imperfections, pubic hair and I get as sexually excited as the next woman, what's so strange about all that?

Quest: But the bad mistake was because of your uniform?

WPC: Well I think he had this attitude you have in a way. I won't sleep with a man unless there's love on both sides and it's serious and in his case I thought there was. This was before I met my fiancé, the one before. He didn't even know I was in the police force when we met. I'd dressed up in what you'd call my dolly bird clothes, a mini skirt and high boots, and let my hair down – I have to wear it pinned up under my uniform cap – and gone out to a local country club. I was with Jeannie my flat mate. She has a car and we drove out there for the evening.

Quest: Don't you live in a station house?

WPC: Many areas insist that you do. Where I am it's preferred but not obligatory as long as you're within easy reach of the station. Jeannie's parents owned the flat and the rent was next to nothing so it wasn't worth moving out when I joined.

Quest: Please go on.

WPC: Jeannie and I were sitting having a drink. We were waiting for some friends who were coming over too. A right old hen night it was going to be. I noticed two young men by the bar. One, the taller one, was really very dishy and he caught my eye. He was one of those men who are fascinating whether you're with them or not. Jeannie and I were discussing, of all things, some new curtain fabrics she'd bought for the flat. I caught movement out of the corner of my eye and these two men were coming across with that look men get when they're going to ask you to dance or pick you up. I hoped the dishy one would ask me and he did.

Quest: When did he learn you were a policewoman?

WPC: I didn't mention it. We got on very well together. I could feel very relaxed and easy with him but my job didn't crop up in the conversation. He was training to be an architect. In fact he talked a lot about himself and I learnt more than he did. He was going to run me home but I went back with Jeannie. I made a date to meet him again. He called round at the flat and took me out to a fabulous little restaurant by a river. They had lanterns strung all along the water and you could hire a rowing boat right up to eleven o'clock. All the boats had to be back by midnight. I was full of good food and wine and Jeremy, polished, sophisticated and sleek as cats and I could forget I was a policewoman for a while. It felt rich to be with Jeremy. He still didn't know what I was. I think he looked on me as a dolly secretary. Well, we took a boat down the river – you can only go so far so there's no chance of getting lost – and we just drifted along in the night air under the lanterns. I fancied him strongly and when he put his arm round me I snuggled up to him. He kissed me first on the forehead, then the nose, then on the ear and I giggled and lifted my head up so he kissed me on the mouth. It was like being in the clouds. Perhaps that was the wine. He soon put his hand on my breast. I was only wearing a thin blouse and a cotton bra under my coat and even though I took his hand away my nipple started rising. He kept gently putting his hand there and I kept taking it away. It became quicker and quicker until he laughed and I laughed. Then he really kissed me hard, opening my mouth with his tongue and I felt myself opening to him and putting my arms round his neck. I was definitely feeling fruity because both my nipples were aroused. Because I had my arms round his neck he put both hands on my breasts and rubbed. I knew I would start getting juicy if he didn't stop. I was relieved and disappointed when he took his hands away. We went on kissing, cuddled in the back of the boat. I didn't realise what he was doing until he'd undone my blouse and by then he'd pushed his hand into my bra and he was gripping my nipple between his fingers. I was on the point of pulling away then and covering myself but he stopped me. He said: 'My God, what beautiful nipples you've got.' That stopped me because I'd always thought they were terribly ugly and no-one else had told me differently. I said something silly like: 'Are they really?' I was surprised. He said: 'I love your nipples, they're beautiful.'

Quest: Why did you think them ugly?

WPC: They're so big, they cover nearly all the ends of my breasts and they grow so huge I feel so aware of them.

Quest: What happened then?

WPC: I was knocked out. He kissed them like a baby. I'd slept with two boys before then and they'd never kissed my nipples.

Quest: Did you have sex that evening?

WPC: I had to remember what I was. That was as far as we went.

Quest: When did you have sex?

WPC: We went out together as many nights as I could manage that week. I was on the seven to three shift and I was coming on duty with bleary eyes and being ribbed about it.

Quest: When did Jeremy realise you were a policewoman?

WPC: That first week when I told him I was on the three to eleven shift the next week and it would be difficult for us to be together. He didn't believe it at first then he was tickled pink, but nicely. He didn't rush round telling all his friends he was going out with a policewoman. He said: 'Policewoman, I think I love you,' then did a dance round the room. That was when we had sex that weekend. It just seemed a natural part of being in love. I didn't foresee any consequences.

Quest: What sort of consequences?

WPC: His attitude towards me didn't change at all. He was just the same as he had been before and I was falling in love with him. He was everything I thought I wanted in a man until the uniform thing cropped up.

Quest: Tell me about that.

WPC: Obviously he planned it deliberately from the first time we made love. I don't know whether it was something that appealed to him on the spur of the moment and he was determined to see it through or whether it had been something at the back of his mind for a long time before he met me.

Quest: What exactly?

WPC: He tried to persuade me to smuggle my police uniform out of the station.

Quest: You aren't allowed to take your uniform home?

WPC: No, terribly irregular. Forbidden. The men can, but most of them change into plain clothes in the station locker rooms. You travel to and from the station in plain clothes, not dolly clothes either, straightforward, plain.

Quest: What's the penalty?

WPC: For a first offence? A stiff talking to from the sergeant or the super if you're unlucky and a demerit against promotion.

Quest: Why were you to smuggle your uniform out of the station?

WPC: Well smuggling sounds wrong, more a case of carting it out in a holdall. It was Jeremy's idea to play a trick on some friends. I'm not going into all the sordid details but I was to arrive at the door and call for him. It was so stupid. He was supposed to be a big special agent and I was his police driver to take him to a special government meeting. This would knock his friends silly apparently. I forget all the exact details, but that's roughly it.

Quest: And you went through with it?

WPC: Well, how could I turn him down? It was such a little thing and I thought I was in love with him.

Quest: What actually happened?

WPC: He finally persuaded me to borrow my own uniform for an evening. It happened so suddenly. He called round to the flat – Jeannie was out that evening with her boyfriend anyway – and I was waiting for him in my uniform. That's when it happened. He tried to make love to me in my uniform. That was the only reason he'd made me bring it home. He wasn't intending to play any jokes on any friends.

Quest: Please go on.

WPC: When I opened the door I was wearing everything but the hat. He kissed me and said we'd have a drink first. He'd bought a bottle of scotch and there was lemonade in the fridge. We were seated on the couch and he was trying to ply me with drinks. I said, hadn't we better get going? There was no rush, he said, he wasn't

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expected at his friends for some time yet. So I said I was going to take the uniform off, the jacket at least but he started cuddling me into the corner. He unbuttoned the jacket and slid his hands onto my breasts under the shirt. He said we could forget about his friends for an hour or so. I thought he was undressing me to make love but he didn't really undress me. He lifted my bra up over my breasts and started kissing them the way he did that turned my insides to water. My shirt was open down to the waistband of the skirt and he was running his hands across my bare stomach and bringing his mouth down from my breasts. He crouched up on the couch and led my hand to his trousers. I unzipped him and thought of a truncheon. He was hard as rubber and nearly as long. I started trying to wriggle my skirt off but he pushed me back and put one hand under the hem just above the knee and slid it upwards to my knickers. I felt as fruity as he did, I admit it, but I still didn't realise his aim was to have me in my uniform. All right so I was wet and ready too. As he pulled my knickers down he moved away so I lost my grip on him and I was left on the edge of the couch with my legs splayed apart. I started to get undressed but he stopped me again and just reached for my tights. He got them off with one pull. I thought then he was being much rougher than he usually was and not at all gentle. I said why didn't we go to the bedroom and get undressed. He grunted something and as I tried to sit up he knelt between my thighs and pulled down the edge of the couch on to him. Then I realised what he was doing, making love to me with my uniform on. He said it in fact: 'I've been dying to fuck you with your police uniform on and now I'm doing it.' I was on my knees, legs apart with my back against the couch and Jeremy was on his knees between my thighs working his penis in and out at a terrific rate. I hated him for being so crude and vicious but I was gasping for an orgasm too. I didn't even have the will to stop him. Of course when we finished that was it. He admitted everything and slunk off. I got rid of him then.

Quest: What was so wrong about making love in your uniform?

WPC: You can't be serious. When you think of what that uniform stands for and the risks I went to. I had been cheapened and so had the uniform. It hardly bears thinking about. As I said we all do foolish things but I won't make that mistake again.

Quest: Were you found out at the station?

WPC: I managed to get the uniform back into my locker without being seen, thank God. But I made a right fool of myself didn't I? Think how many friends he might have told it to. How do I know that men who see me in the street don't know about Jeremy. It's one thing to make love to a policewoman. It's another matter to screw her in her uniform.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Secretary, 22 years old, blonde, town of origin Kidsgrove**

This interviewee had been married for two years. There were no children. Her present job was her third since leaving school. She worked for the same company as her husband.

Quest: You mentioned earlier in our discussion that you thought your husband and yourself were well suited sexually.

Secretary: Except when he's very naughty, when he plays tricks on me. I think we are.

Quest: First, why are you sexually suited?

Secretary: When I first met Tom I didn't rush straight into his arms proclaiming him mine. In the first place he was going out with a friend and in the second I couldn't decide whether he was my type or not.

Quest: What is your type?

Secretary: I've learned enough to know that I'm attractive to certain men and they to me. You sense it straight away, the moment you come into contact. In five minutes flat you know that either you're going to sleep with him whatever he says or you're never going to go within a million miles of his bed. Tom said he always knew that too. He could go into a pub and chat to a girl and he knew straight away he would get somewhere or he wouldn't no matter how hard he tried.

Quest: But with you two together it was different?

Secretary: Whether you know you're prey for a certain man or whether you know he hasn't a chance, you're still in the dark about whether you're going to enjoy it or not. I'm not talking about promiscuous coupling with every man you fancy, I'm talking about the start of good relationships.

Quest: Would you still take a chance on that now you're married?

Secretary: This is it, you see, with Tom it *was* different. We didn't try. I didn't think of him as anything but Susan's boyfriend so I didn't look at him sexually. He was a big brother, lots of fun, always filling our fridge with Coke when we had no money and apple and blackcurrant ice cream. Susan and I shared a flat. We were cuckoo about apple and blackcurrant ice cream. You can't get it now. So we didn't try together. He was ace at sorting out our problems, especially mine and I had plenty. I couldn't look at another man now. But then I was looking everywhere but Tom.

Quest: How did that change?

Secretary: He had his troubles with Susan too. He came round one evening when she wasn't there. If I remember she'd departed half an hour before in a huff because he was late. I let him in and went back to a long dreary letter I was writing. I was at a pretty low ebb myself. A few weeks before I'd just escaped being pregnant and my latest boyfriend not knowing the good news had already disappeared in a haze of fright before I could tell him. I didn't even feel like sharing my problems with Tom and I was seriously thinking of quitting London. Everything was going down the chute. I'd always been the plain one compared with Susan. She was really beautiful. She had a model's face and a dancer's body. Why she chose Tom I don't know. He's not terribly good looking. Now he was sitting there glumly looking at me and I was staring at this letter. Then he said something I'll never forget. He said: 'You know Jane, I wish you'd been at that party with Susan. I'd never have made the mistake I did.' I stared at him then. It was like seeing him for the first time. I asked him what he meant. He said: 'I'd have picked on you. You feel things don't you? She doesn't. And you've got one thing she hasn't.' I couldn't believe it. I asked him what it was. He said: 'You've got a perfect bottom.' I was actually going to touch it and see. I didn't though, I didn't know what to say or do. Then he said: 'Come on, we'll go for a drink,' and we did.

Quest: How did the relationship continue?

Secretary: He got me merry and kept putting his hand up my skirt in the pub.

Quest: Did you now find you fancied him?

Secretary: It was a sudden compulsion to go to bed with him. He wasn't my type or anybody's type, he was just him, brother, lover, anything he wanted to be. He just opened my eyes to him. He'd been there all the time and I'd never thought of him that way.

Quest: He had a compulsion towards your bottom?

Secretary: Yes he's definitely a bottom and thigh man. My breasts are small but he doesn't give a hoot.

Quest: What did he do first, get you merry or put his hand up your skirt?

Secretary: He made a great fuss of my bottom, saying things like: 'Careful there, we must protect this divine pair at all costs,' and holding me by it, pointing me across the pub by it. That's part of Tom's naughtiness, putting his hand up my skirt under my panties and exciting me with his fingers between my thighs while we're standing in a circle talking to his friends. There I am slowly trying to slide to the floor on my knees and shaking with an orgasm coming and Tom bringing me to it while he holds me up by my bottom.

Quest: Did that happen in the pub the first evening?

Secretary: Not quite. We were in a corner of the bar by the wall and I was half leaning against him, frankly encouraging him, letting my bottom touch against his groin. He was so hard and I could feel his breath in my hair. Don't ask me why, I wanted him to have my bottom. He put his hand under the edge of my skirt and was touching me just inside the cheeks of my bottom with his fingers, nothing more.

It didn't go any further, we both had an inkling of what was going to happen later and we didn't want to rush it.

Quest: What did happen later?

Secretary: In his bedroom he had a full length life size mirror on the wall. If I hadn't been so merry I mightn't have done what he wanted to do. He started to undress me in front of the mirror. He kept telling me to keep still and watch him undress me. I could see clearly enough. Oh hell, I was enjoying it like mad. He pulled my sweater over my head and unclipped my bra as I watched him do it. I watched his hands in the mirror sliding up across my tummy and cupping my breasts. He was standing right behind me. I was shaking so much I leant against him. I'd never seen it in a mirror like that before, like watching another couple making love. The first time it's terribly on-turning. He pushed me upright again and moved his hands down to my tummy. My nipples were aching from his hands as though they were trying to explode. I saw rather than felt my skirt slide down to my feet and he held my legs to step out of it. He was still behind me and I could see his face watching me in the mirror too. I felt like a child watching a film. His hands curved round my tummy and went into the top of my panties and started pulling them down over my hips ever so slowly. Then he pulled them right down and lifted my ankles again to take them off. We were both breathing like mad and I kept saying: 'What are you doing to me?' He didn't say anything just raised himself, running his hands up the front of my thighs to meet at my crotch. My legs felt like jelly. As I sagged his hands came up and his fingers went into me. It nearly took my breath away. I thought he was going to lift me up. I let him hold me there. I was moaning and groaning and watching it all in the mirror, shamelessly.

Quest: Please go on.

Secretary: He took his hands away and I turned to see what he was doing. He was taking his trousers off and as they came off it sprang out like a jack in the box. He came up behind me and made me part my thighs still facing the mirror. I felt him hard and warm down between my bottom. He said: 'Just watch the mirror,' and the end of him poked out into sight between the top of my thighs. I could feel I was going to come like mad at any second. He pulled his prick back and then pushed it forward again, rubbing against my lips and I put my hand down underneath and cupped it against me. Then I felt myself coming and I couldn't stop. I just collapsed completely. I went sliding helplessly to the floor. It was incredible and Tom's prick raked up my back.

Quest: Did you make love again after that?

Secretary: Tom hadn't had an orgasm and we did it again in bed. The whole experience was quite different than anything I'd known before. In the morning I thought, that's that, it was nice while it lasted. But Tom just told me to go round to the flat I shared with Susan, get my stuff and move in with him. I didn't need telling twice.

Quest: But Tom's preference has usually been for your bottom? Does that include lovemaking from the rear entry position?

Secretary: What a funny way to put it. That's what Tom likes best, that's when he's naughty, when he plays tricks on me, when he comes up behind me and starts making love almost before I know what's happening.

Quest: Can you give me a particular instance?

Secretary: The naughtiest thing he ever did was after we were married. We'd had some friends round for the evening. We all drank a fair amount of alcohol and I was anxious for them to leave so that I could go to bed with Tom. I excused myself and went upstairs to the bedroom. It was such a lovely night I opened the window and leant against the sill breathing the air. Our front door opened below me and some of the guests came out. They saw me leaning from the window and two of them started chatting up to me. There were still some guests inside who were obviously staying longer. I was resigning myself to going back downstairs while I chatted to these two friends from the window. I was feeling quite randy and I was disappointed Tom hadn't got rid of all the guests when there was a sudden sound behind me and Tom's voice said in my ear: 'Keep talking.' I felt my dress being lifted up at the back and suddenly realised what he was going to do.

Quest: Please go on.

Secretary: Tom lifted up the dress at the back and put his hands straight down the sides of my panties and tights and rolled them off. His hands came back up my thighs, pressing them apart and fingering me like playful kittens. Meanwhile I was trying to hold a conversation with the two women below and push my bottom at Tom. As we were chattering away together he brought himself up from below me and I was so wet he slid straight into my fanny. I know I moaned and one of the women asked if I was all right. I tried to talk but all I could manage were gulps of breath and sounds I couldn't control. They got the message then, I think, because they looked horrified, turned away and went up the path to the roadway without looking back. Tom and I both fell over on the bedroom floor and lay there panting for what seemed hours. We both had to finally get up and go downstairs. But we laughed about the window affair for weeks afterwards.

Quest: And Tom continues to attend to your bottom?

Secretary: He's fabulous.

Quest: Thank you.

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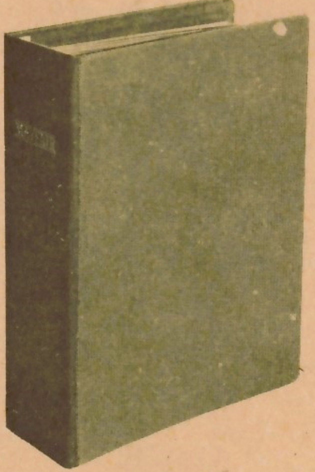

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Next month's Mayfair is fuller than most

There's a lot to look forward to in next month's issue of Mayfair, particularly the shape of our girls to come. It's going to be a full issue, especially with Barbara, pictured here, brightening up the pages. With her 42 inch bust she's fuller than most, but think kindly of her. Any girl with a bust measurement this size is automatically branded as the jolly buxom barmaid type. On the contrary, Barbara is demure, pretty, sensitive and intelligent, but enormous with it. And of course as well as Barbara there will be plenty of other titillating talent next month.

Sweet chastity. Mediaeval knights were the last men to encase their willing wives in chastity belts. Or were they? In another of his inimitable conversation pieces Mike George's Cyn contemplates belting up and reaches some mind-boggling conclusions that may shake the Women's Libbers.

Booby Traps. It's amazing the lengths to which men will go to give each other nasty surprises in wartime. The practice is as old as warfare and reached an astonishing ingenuity among the Germans and Japanese of World War Two. A history of the peek-a-boo bomb from a renowned expert on weaponry.

The new Quest. Girls often accuse men of being after 'only one thing.' The area between girls' legs is regarded as the Mecca of all manhood. But what do women think about it themselves? Do girls get obsessed with their own genitalia. Quest comes up with some remarkably frank interviews.

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Luck be a lady tonight

continued from page 66

He found Morgan gazing vacantly at a spot two inches from his face. The table in front of him was bare of chips. Bloom was stacking them in neat little piles. His cheek was twitching.

'What happened?'

Morgan did not reply.

Bruce grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. 'What happened?'

'I lost,' he said weakly.

'I can bloody see that. Why? That's what I want to know'. Then the truth dawned on him. 'Hang on a minute.'

He snatched the cards from the table, squared them off carefully and held them out on his hand.

'Cut,' he said.

Morgan hesitated. 'No, you first.'

Bruce cut a three. Their sighs of hopeful expectation became groans at the sight of Morgan's deuce.

'That's it then, isn't it!' said Bruce through clenched teeth. 'Your lucky streak's ended. It's finished, you stupid bloody prick.'

'Don't blame me. I couldn't help it.'

'I leave you alone for five minutes . . . '

'What would YOU have done with three kings?'

Bruce couldn't believe his ears. 'You lost with three ki . . . ! What did blubber guts have, for Chrissake?'

'Blubber guts had the biggest,' said Bloom, the smile gone and the twitch going. 'Threes. I've just found the fourth one on the floor where you were sitting. I wonder how it got there?'

'I expect someone dropped it,' Bruce answered testily. He gave Morgan a consoling thump in the shoulder. 'Never mind. It was great while it lasted, and we've only lost twenty quid between us. Come on, the girls are waiting. At least we've got them to look forward to.'

But they hadn't. The barmaid gave Bruce the note Naomi had left for him. 'Feel bloody awful all of a sudden,' she had scribbled, 'like my abortion is starting of its own accord. Poor little bastard. Going home. Josie has heart set on THAT tonight'. THAT was underlined three times. 'Knew you wouldn't fancy it, so am taking her to Max's place on the way. Sorry to stand you up. Really feel washed out. See you when I come out of the clinic. Don't catch the pox. Naomi'. There was a postscript: 'Love to Morgan and don't spend all that money at once'.

Bruce screwed up the note and threw it away in disgust.

'There's no half measures with you, is there?' he said to Morgan. 'When Lady Luck runs out on you she jumps on a bloody horse'.

'I'm suffering, too,' said Morgan. 'Don't forget we were in it together.'

'I'm sorry. You're right. Let's go back to the flat and open a couple of cans of lager and drown our sorrows.'

They crunched across the gravel in the car park towards Bruce's MG. Bruce continued to sympathise with Morgan and Morgan kept saying he was sorry.

Bruce walked round to the driver's door, opened it and Roxine slumped out. The biting stench of vomit mixed with warm brandy wafted into Bruce's face.

'Bloody jinxed. Look at the inside of this car.' He was seething.

Roxine had spewed over the steering wheel, over the seat, the dashboard, the gear stick, the red carpet. They cleaned her up as best they could, leaving the chill night air to bring her to her senses.

'Thanks,' she murmured. 'I feel better now. I don't know what to say about all this. I had to sit down. Yours was the only car open'.

'I thought someone was taking you home,' said Bruce, wiping the few remaining splatters from the wheel with tissues from the glovebox. He had quietened down.

'So did I,' she said. 'But he had other ideas. He forgot them – and me – when I started retching. I can't remember too clearly.'

Morgan slipped out of his jacket and held it up for her.

'Take off your dress and put this on,' he said. 'You can't wear it in that condition'.

'Thanks again. Would you mind turning your backs?'

'What for?' asked Bruce. 'You stripped down to your pubics no more than half an hour ago.'

'That was different,' she said, almost embarrassed. 'Will you, please?'

They faced the other way until she told them it was all right.

'Can I ask another favour?'

'Sure,' said Bruce.

'Just name it,' Morgan chipped in.

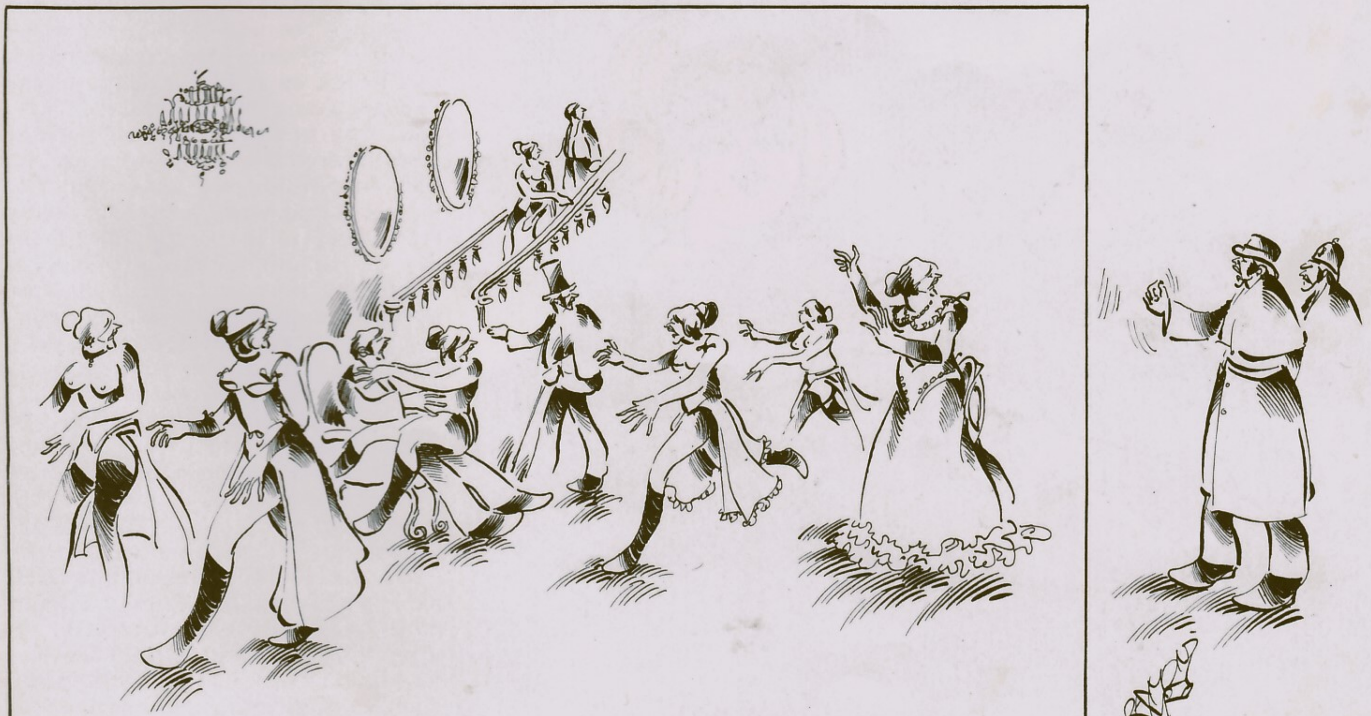
She didn't look so bad with no make-up and without the harsh glare of the spotlight. More like a person than a stripper.

'Will you drive me home? It's not far. I'll make some coffee'.

As the rear wheels spun them into the road, she told them they had been kind. And for their kindness she would reward them in the best way she knew how.

She sat squashed between them, Bruce fondling the inside of her right thigh while the engine screamed in second gear, and Morgan cupping her ample left breast in both hands, guessing its weight.

'Who knows, maybe this is your lucky night,' she said.



'Open up immediately! We have reason to believe that you're keeping a disorderly cartoon . . .'

MURDEROUS MICKY MANNOCK

continued from page 35

It was nine days later before the Squadron marked up another victory when a pilot named Dolan scored, largely owing to Mannock's skilful leadership. On the same day they had their first casualty, one Begbie, shot down in flames, and Mannock was in more than usually embittered mood that evening at dinner when the news arrived that Richthofen had been shot down and killed. Paradoxically, the news cast further gloom over the proceedings since most of the pilots thought of the *Freiherr* as a worthy and sporting opponent and were really rather sorry to see him go. Not so Mannock, whose spirits revived at once. He sourly advised one messmate who was unwise enough to voice his regrets that he had better send home for his petticoats and when another proposed a toast 'to the health of the dead Baron', Mannock remained seated, muttering sullenly: 'I won't drink a toast to that son of a bitch.'

April and May were busy months for Mannock and his flight. His personal score accumulated almost daily and those who flew with him confirm that he did not always bother to claim victories, sometimes not even filing a combat report, sometimes giving credit to other pilots who were allowed to finish off machines which he had disabled. Unlike most other high-scoring pilots, the majority of his victims were single-seater scouts, such as Pfalzes and Albatroses, rather than two-seaters. Despite the handicap of his faulty eyesight he made a speciality of the full deflection shot, approaching his target at right-angles and frequently despatching his victim with a few short bursts from this most difficult of firing positions.

He took tremendous pains to look after the new and inexperienced members of his flight, advising them, escorting them personally on line patrols and not infrequently getting them their first Hun by disabling it so that the novice could administer the *coup de grace*.

But he liked to be obeyed and could react with alarming violence when his pilots failed to reach the high standards of courage and tenacity that he himself displayed. One new man in his flight who lost his nerve and turned away from an encounter with the enemy found Mannock's bullets whipping past his centre section and was told later: 'If you do it again, I'll shoot you. It's cowardice. I'll get you all the Huns you want.' Another novice who felt he wasn't up to the cut and thrust of dog-fighting called on Mannock in his quarters and informed his flight leader that he couldn't go through with it. Mannock had the man's wings ripped off his tunic and a yellow patch sewn in their place before sending him back to England.

NINA THE INFLATABLE DOLL
LASSALVY

All the time, the hatred was eating away inside him like a malignant growth. On April 29, one of his best pilots, Roxborough-Smith, shot down an LVG two-seater, following it right down to the ground on the wrong side of the lines. He returned, his aircraft holed like a colander, to receive a blistering tongue-lashing from Mannock for forgetting one of the Master's cardinal rules – never follow an enemy to earth over the enemy's lines.

Next day Mannock showed the pathological proportions which his hatred of the Hun could assume. He was on patrol with Dolan who shot down a two-seater on the Allied side. The aircraft crashed, but not badly, and, in a paroxysm of fury, Mannock swooped again and again over the wreckage spraying it with bullets, as the crew were still showing signs of life. A lot of nonsense has been talked about chivalry in the air fighting of the First World War, but even his own friends found this behaviour difficult to condone. Questioned afterwards, he simply said; 'The swines are better dead – no prisoners for me.'

On May 12 Mannock took his flight into action and by a masterly piece of manoeuvring got the jump on a mixed flight of Albatroses and Pfalzes. There were eight of the enemy and Mannock shot down three of them in three minutes, the rest of the Flight taking three more. But there was a tragedy. During the brief dogfight they lost Mannock's most promising pupil, Dolan, who went down out of control and crashed near Wulverghem.

Mannock's biographer, Ira 'Taffy' Jones, a fellow pilot in No. 74 Squadron and himself an ace with 40 victories and a suitcaseful of medals, says that Mannock shut himself up in his hut that night and wept like a child. When he emerged for the next day's fighting, he was, if possible, more unrelenting in his personal vendetta with the German race than before. For the rest of that month he scored victories at an average of one per day – four in one day, on the 21st – a high proportion of them going down in flames. Most aces, indeed most pilots, who sent an enemy down on fire were appalled by the sight. McCudden, for instance, was kept awake for nights by the image of his first 'flamer', but Mannock actually revelled in the sensation. After shooting down an enemy in flames he would bound into the mess whooping loudly: '*Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle, wonk, wooff!*'

By this time his score was in the early forties and he had collected two DSOs inside eleven days. In a letter to Eyles he made one of his rare references to his score: 'If I've any luck, I think I may beat old Mac (McCudden). Then I shall try and oust old Richthofen.' He continued to drive himself right up to the limit, and sometimes beyond. The other pilots were in a similar state. One week in May the

turn to page 87

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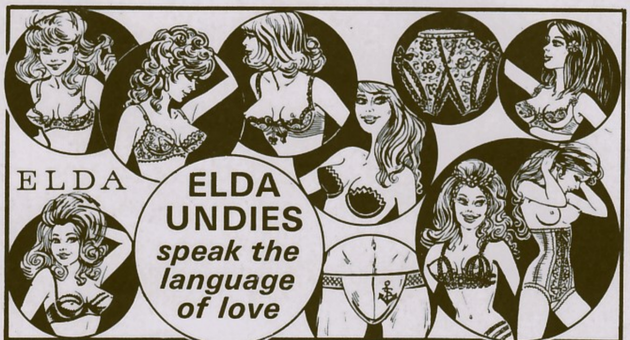

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MURDEROUS MICKY MANNOCK

continued from page 84

Squadron accounted for seven enemy machines, three of them credited to Mannock, but lost just as many of their own in crash landings – all through overwrought nerves and combat fatigue. Mannock himself crashed three of them, turning two onto their backs and standing the third on its nose.

At last there was some temporary relief. He was sent home on leave, given a second bar to his DSO, promoted major and given command of No. 85 Squadron. His three DSOs had all been earned in less than a month. At No. 85 Squadron, still on SE5s, he took over from the Canadian ace, Billy Bishop who, with an eventual score of 72, was more renowned as a solo artist than a patrol leader. When Mannock took over command on July 5, 1918 he had only three weeks to live. But in that time he moulded the squadron into a cohesive fighting unit and built up an unshakeable *esprit de corps*.

The respect, even reverence, that he earned from his personnel in this short time endured long after his death.

Only four days later, on July 9, the Flying Corps suffered its most grievous loss since the death of Ball – McCudden was killed. No enemy shot him down. He lost his life in a flying accident. But Mannock, wild with grief at the loss of his close friend, pressed home his attacks more fiercely than ever, vowing to avenge 'old Mac'. He began taking grave risks, ignoring the advice he had always given to beginners. The end was inevitable. It came, however, typically, while he was out on an extra patrol with a beginner.

Mannock flew his last patrol on July 26, 1918. He was up over the lines at 5.30 am with a young New Zealander called Inglis who had only recently joined the squadron and who had yet to score. Over Merville, a favourite hunting ground of Mannock's, they flushed a two-seater and Mannock swooped in with a punishing burst that put the observer out of action. Inglis, thoroughly coached in his rôle, moved in behind and beneath the German and finished the job with a burst straight into the petrol tank. The two-seater dropped in flames. Contrary to his own sternly enforced rules, Mannock went right down to ground level to survey the burning wreckage, Inglis accompanying him; then the two SE5s turned for home, dodging the ground machine gun fire. But the hostile trench fire was heavy and accurate and both machines were hit, Inglis' seriously, Mannock's fatally. Inglis takes up the rest of the story:

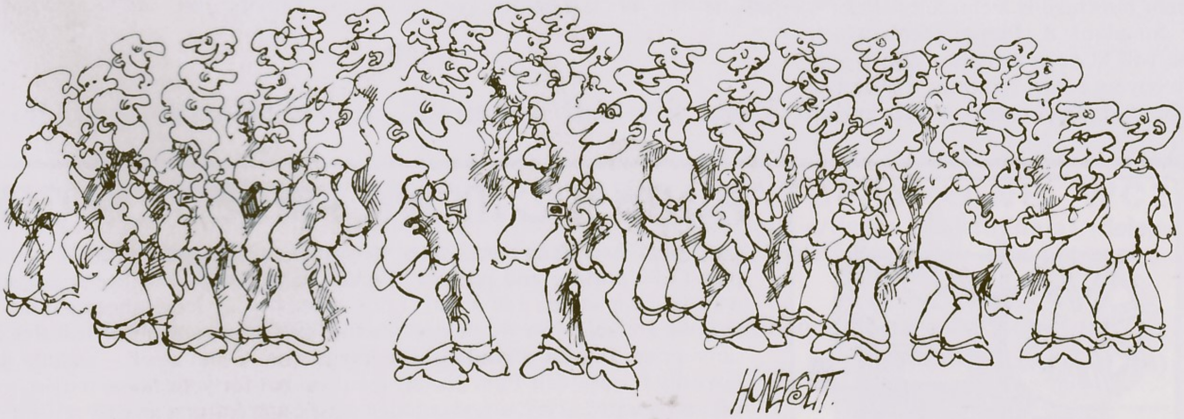
'I saw Mick start to kick his rudder and realised we were fairly low, then I saw a flame come out of the side of his machine; it grew bigger and bigger. Mick was no longer kicking his rudder, his nose dropped slightly and he went into a slow right-hand turn round, about twice, and hit the ground in a burst of flame. I circled at about twenty feet, but could not see him, and as things were getting pretty hot, made for home and managed to reach our outposts with a punctured petrol tank. Poor Mick. All I could say when I got into the trenches was that the bloody bastards had shot my major down in flames.'

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle, wonk, wooff! Like so many of his victims, Mannock finally went down in flames, a fate which he had always dreaded. He once said that if such a thing ever happened he would blow his brains out rather than burn and he invariably carried a loaded revolver with him in the air. Perhaps he found time to use it.

There remains the question: Who was the greatest ace of them all? Mannock or Richthofen? There is no space here to go into a detailed account of the Red Baron's claims to the title. It must suffice to say that he was in action somewhat longer, commanded a larger organisation and scored about half his victories at a time when the Albatros scout outclassed all opposition. On the question of high score there is really nothing between them, bearing in mind the numerous victims that Mannock 'gave away'. The darker side of Mannock's character has been sufficiently stressed, but it is more than balanced by noticeable defects in that of Richthofen who had an almost narcissistic obsession with his image, a greed for honours and decorations and a self-congratulatory habit of awarding himself a gruesome collection of little silver trophies inscribed with the details of his conquests. So once again it all comes down to a question of leadership, and on these grounds the title must unquestionably be awarded to Mannock. Richthofen was certainly respected by his pilots but he comes nowhere near Mannock in this field, worship being a better word to describe the feelings of the members of 74 and 85 Squadrons. Richthofen, moreover, always flew defensively, perhaps through no fault of his own since the German High Command never really tried to take the initiative in the air. Mannock on the other hand, motivated though he may have been by an unregenerate personal hatred of the enemy, never failed to take the offensive and hunted the German fighters deep in their own territory. There can be no argument – he was the greatest of them all and his biography by Ira Jones is aptly entitled 'King of Airfighters.'

His posthumous decoration with the Victoria Cross would probably never have occurred but for the persistent agitation of the men who had flown with him. In the end they gained the attention of the Air Minister of the day, one Winston Churchill, whose prompt investigation of the claim resulted in the award just about a year after Mannock's death.

The closing words of the citation read: *This highly distinguished officer, during the whole of his career . . . was an outstanding example of fearless courage, remarkable skill, devotion to duty and self-sacrifice, which has never been surpassed*



'I said, how I hate these conventions'

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DIGBY RISING

continued from page 12

hair long, can't you.'

'I suppose I can. That and other things.'

'Such as?'

'Well.' Breathe in. 'I'm having coffee with you now. I've never done that before.'

'Haha, Digby.'

Diving deeper into her. 'What do you do?' he asked.

'I'm a nurse.'

'Why haven't I seen you on the stairs before this week?'

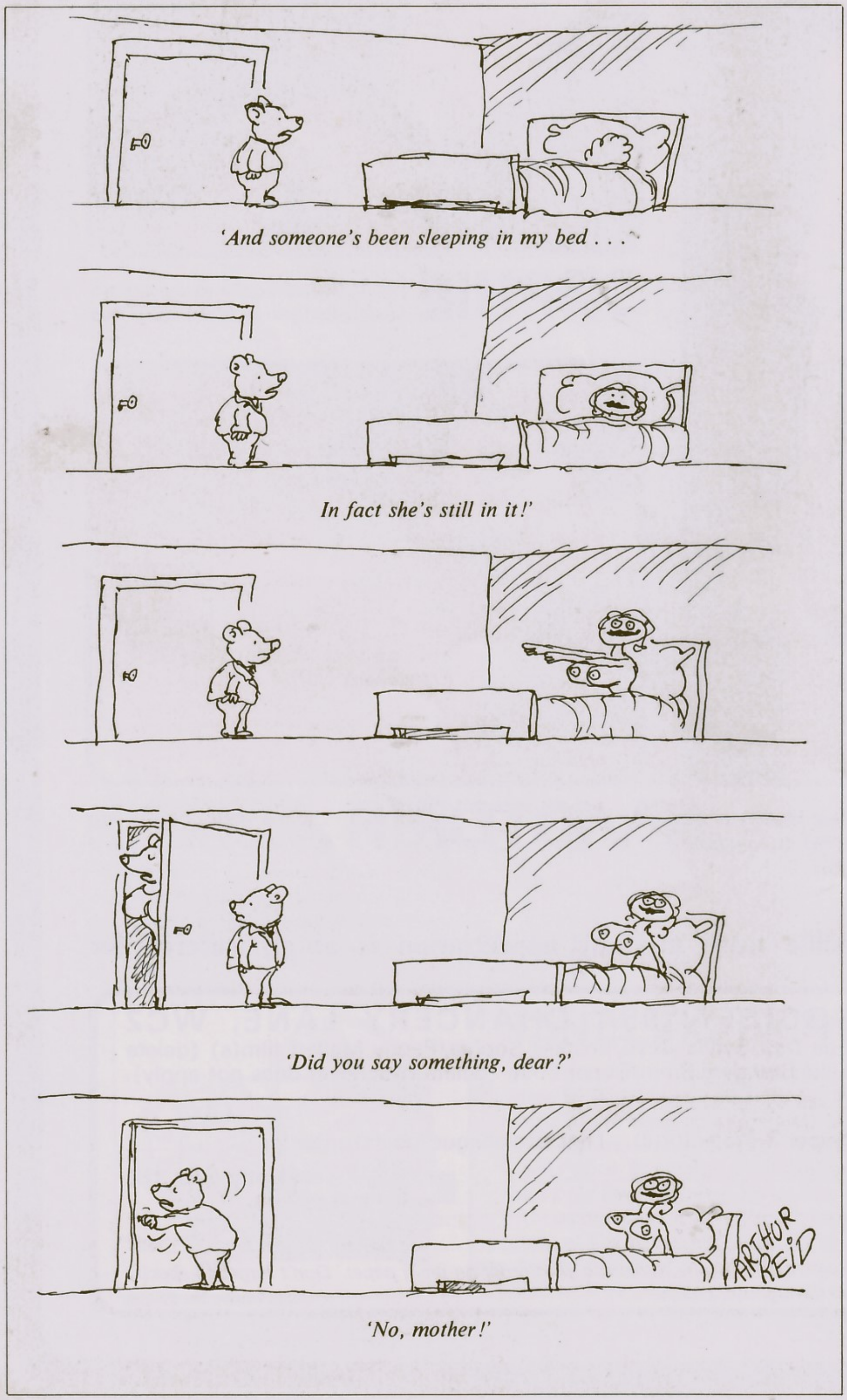
'Ahha. I don't get up till after nine because I work at night. Didn't you ever wonder who else lived in this building?'

'I suppose I did, at times.'

Yes. A nurse. Untender thoughts congregating about what nurses were like, the things they could do if they liked you. He'd heard talk. Their knowledge of men's bodies – bathing men naked who couldn't do it for themselves. Soaping all over. Rubbing soap on it. He tried to think his sudden erection away. But then he imagined Phillipa's long nailed slim fingers with the soap on his body and was thankful for the edge of the table that covered his legs.

'I have to go out and do some shopping, Digby.'

'Oh.'



'And someone's been sleeping in my bed . . .'

In fact she's still in it!'

'Did you say something, dear?'

'No, mother!'

'Er, you wouldn't like to come with me and help choose some things?'

'Yes, I would.'

'I mean, you don't have anything special to do, do you?' The dole can wait awhile. I have sixty in blue ones in my wallet and I will spend them all on you. My life savings I never banked.

'No. I'd like that, Phillipa.'

☆ ☆ ☆

'Where we going?' he asked. She took his arm in her hand getting off the bus. The hand, he thought, with the soapy fingers rubbing . . .

'Kenny Market,' she said. The bus moved off towards Knightsbridge.

'What's that?'

'Just over the road, down there past the traffic lights. Kensington Market. It's like a lot of small boutiques thrown into one building. Lots of trendy things – and people. A bit hip.'

'Oh.'

To help her choose her soft clothes.

'Digby?' she called from behind the curtain of the tiny changing cubicle in the cramped boutique.

He stepped inside.

'What about this one, Digby?'

A long purple gown to the floor with long puffy sleeves that almost enveloped her hands and made them look small and helpless.

It was cut low across her shoulders so that the dress rested on the tops of her arms. She was looking at his face in the mirror. He caught the question in her eyes and lowered his gaze to the reflection of her breasts, half uncovered by the low plunging neckline at the front.

'Yes, Phillipa,' he said. 'Yes.'

Then she was pulling down the zip at the back and bending to step out as the material fell clear of her round bottom and the half lowered lemon briefs below the beginning of the cleft in her white buttocks, where the dress had dragged them.

He clenched his fists in his pockets and turned back to the curtain.

'Don't go yet, Digby,' she said. 'I won't be a second. I don't want you opening the curtain while I'm half dressed. People would see.'

She was climbing into her jeans and sweater oblivious of his arousal, but doing it naturally and not trying to excite him. Efficiently climbing in and buttoning up. Leaving the boutique with the parcel under her arm she suddenly tugged at his sleeve.

'Gosh, Digby. Look at that.'

A light fawn suede jacket with buttons and zips and contrasting leatherwork stitched in darker colours and scrolling at shoulders, front, pocket and sleeves and a small white tag with a price on, dangling from a button.

He touched the suede and the price tag lay in his fingers. £35. It was some jacket.

'Try it on, Digby.' Suppressed excitement in her voice, a slight falter for words.

It lifted easily from the hook. Lined inside with smooth silk that slid easily up the arms of his sweater.

'Digby, yes,' she breathed.

He rested the turn-up collar comfortably around his neck and turned to the mirror being held by a young man, for him. Wow. Is that me standing there, twelve feet tall and broad shouldered, tanned handsome in that mind-blowing jacket. Will I be recognised in the streets?

'Yes.' Phillipa's saucer eyes travelling from top to bottom, resting lightly just on the fly zip of his tightly drawn jeans. Is this me? Is this Digby who girls look at as I cross the street with this charming chick, Phillipa, whose soft floppy long haired head comes just up to my shoulder? Hail a cab with this crunchy new five pound note I wave. New blue ink on it and the Queen's head. Perhaps the Queen's bottom. An old trick. Place the thumb just over her chin and the thumb of the other hand just over the base of her neck and show it to Phillipa as we walk, one eye out for a taxi to carry Phillipa's bag behind us.

'What's that, Digby?'

'The Queen's bottom. I was first shown it in the bank but with respect for its value.'

'So it is. Gosh, Digby, you've changed.'

Digby's hand well out to attract cabmen.

'Where will we go?'

'To Hyde Park and watch the ducks floating.'

'Oh, nice.'

A vehicle with an orange light burning on the roof, swooping three lanes of cluttered traffic to Digby's side with the driver trying to read the writing on the piece of blue paper in his outstretched hand.

'Sir?'

'The Serpentine.'

The odd duck churning up the surface of the lake in the sun. Digby and Phillipa wandering across grass down to the gravel shore. Quacking about. Webbed feet flapping into water. Phillipa happy and laughing and armed with half a loaf of bread procured by Digby.

Later they ran through trees and touched hands for moments. Late afternoon becoming evening, softly, and odd people about thinking they recognised Digby, one person about to produce an autograph book but Phillipa pulling Digby on to the Bayswater Road.

And in a pub in West Ken, Phillipa greeted female friends and young men who took Digby bosomwards when he spread blue money on the bar counter while those behind, serving, gathered respectfully. Pints went down and there was smoke in the air.

And two girls on holiday from other parts whispered behind Digby's jacketed back. Phillipa turned to Digby and said, 'Digby, those two girls think you're a pop star from somewhere.' I say, Digby old mate, a male friend of Phillipa's – have another pint and what're you doing later because I have some tickets for a pop concert and I dig you're a gen guy.

And someone in their cups mentioned that Digby looked like a recording agent for Decca he once knew, and people in a fuzzy state took this to mean that he actually was. Phillipa hung on his arm in case others got there. Certainly several pairs of female eyes were on the ornate jacket of D.

'Do you mind, Mr Hogan – You're completely obscuring our Picasso.'

☆ ☆ ☆

'Goodnight Digby and thanks for everything.'

'G'night.'

She was at her door, touching the handle, half turned and looking back at him as he leant against the bannister post at the foot of the heavy staircase. Neither of them made any move to go.

Digby owlish. 'G'night then, Phillipa.'

'Digby, you're squiffed.'

Pissed as a newt is the phrase, he thought, raising a leg on to the first step, surprised that it got there.

'Goodnight, Digby. It was nice, wasn't it.'

'Yesh. See you tomorrow?' Please.

'Well actually I'm going away tomorrow morning. I'm going home to see my parents for two weeks – you know, holiday. That's why I bought the dress.'

'Oh.'

Will she say goodbye before she goes, tomorrow?

'A friend's calling for me in his car at half past eight. We live in the same place – he always takes me home for holidays and some weekends. So really I have to go to bed now. See you when I get back. Promise. Oh, Digby.'

With no-one in mine but me. Byebye Digby again. She moved quickly towards him and kissed him on the lips. Gently, quickly on the warm lips and hers were soft and partly open and lightly tasting of her body. Then she closed her door and he went upstairs and hung the jacket on the back of the door. He didn't wake up when Phillipa knocked in the early morning and whispered Goodbye Digby, I'll be back, be good and please, it would be nice to find you still here when I return.

Slowly awake in the early evening. The jacket hanging on the door. Oh, God. Gone. He climbed from the bed, went down the stairs to her room.

'Phillipa.' Feeling the rising panic in his voice. No reply, The dead of her room. Gone. Boyfriend, childhood sweetheart and he should have known she'd have a boyfriend.

In his silver room he faced the evening gloom.

Then he lifted the jacket from the back of the door and went out, down past the empty room. Out along the street he found old summer songs spinning through his head as he walked. No reply. I'm a loser. Baby's in black, I'm feeling blue. The music flooded across the sea of heads in the bar. Phillipa's friend, female friend, a young nurse with small breasts and wide crotched thighs in hot pants had been pressing buttons on the juke box. She came over to him and touched him. She crooked her leg forward and looked at him. It was the jacket. He desperately wanted to know whether it was the jacket did all this. But he couldn't take it off in case it was the jacket.

'Digby, you're really quite aggressive.' He wanted to run his hand across her breasts, touch those nipples under the purple T shirt that was tightly tucked into the hot pants. Instead he put his arm round her shoulders, fingers on the soft part of her neck.

'I can sense it in you. I guess that's what makes you sexy. How long have you known Phillipa?'

'A day.'

'She's not a one night stand, Digby.' She led him away from the bar into a circle of friends who made way for him where a manager of a beat group without a recording contract leant on Digby's every drunken word and plied fresh drinks. And Digby rather enjoyed being a recording agent for Decca though the less Decca knew about it the better. There was a party in a basement down the road. Digby said he would go and took his own bottles. Later in the bedroom there, the young nurse wriggled out of her hot pants and wanted to take down his trousers. Then a girl with very long white thighs opened them across a bed and remarked: 'Wouldn't it be super if you fucked me – don't you think? Whatever your name is.'

Digby thought it would have been but suddenly needed the dim coolness of bathroom tiles pressing against the heat of his forehead.

Later, slumped on the bedroom floor, he watched the white bottom of the girl rising and falling above a man stretched on the bed. Low moaning liquid sounds. Some other person was taking the girl where she wanted to go.

At another party a round schoolgirl faced girl with large breasts that showed, approached him with a drink and said her name was Lynne and would he like to dance?

Afterwards at the bar a tall girl smiled and came close. Then she turned her back to talk to someone else reaching behind her back to touch the tightness of his trousers and rub slowly, leaning against him.

A third girl who knew him hardly at all was feeling ill in the bathroom and saying that she wanted to loose her virginity to him. She asked Digby to put her to bed, which he did, gently, with promises and a kiss on the lips, without taking advantage.

A man standing at the bar said: 'Hey man, you're something here tonight. Three girls I've seen falling on your neck.'

Digby took another drink.

'You're a drinker too man.'

'Am I?'

'Well, look man, the thing is, I'm a recording agent . . .'

'So am I,' said Digby.

'Sorry?'

'Are you really?'

'Look man, here's my card. Phone me up for lunch tomorrow. Just say you're the guy from the party, Ok?'

'Man.' A girl in a deep yellow dress, long to the floor, slashed down the front showing the inside halves of her unsupported breasts right to the nipple. 'You're as cool as a cucumber man. I've been watching you. You're really cool. You going to walk me home, baby?'

'Jesus,' breathed the recording agent with admiration.

'Cucumber,' breathed his friend. The girl in the yellow dress said goodnight at her door and thank you for bringing me home – but there was a cat there at the party I didn't want to be with.

So you can't win them all. So you call a taxi. Climb in. Cabman, I am not too fit. Take me to Apollo three please. What? Apollo three? What's that? Where's that? A club? Fame is a slow process at first and you have to tread lightly. Digby gave his address. A speedy cabman. Perhaps even a gladman cabman.

Digby started being sick.

Christ, said the gladman cabman, now a sadman, almost a badman. I'll clean it, said Digby. Destination. Fifty pence on the meter. Tender a quid, keep the change.

Re-appearing from his mansion wherein his capsule, Digby Dazed armed with a broom. One sweep of the brush and all out. Hey, said the cabman, where are you going? You've not cleaned that.

Go away, said Digby.

Cabman advancing. Come here, you unspeakable turd. Threats. Digby Daring, holding him at bay with the brush, parts of hamburger attached to the bristles. Cabman bristling.

A lunge. Cabman with hamburger attached and worse. Howling imprecations. Digby advancing with the brush. Cabman parrying with his cab and finally back into it.

And there were other parties that grew worse.

Thursday and the recording man at another.

'Why didn't you phone, man?'

'Lost your card.'

'Well, how'd you like to be a singer?'

'I can't sing.'

'That's the least of your worries.'

'Don't really fancy it somehow.'

'Look, baby, I like you a lot. You working?'

'No.'

'You got money?'

'No.'

'You wanna work?'

'No.'

'Lots of bread.'

'Yep.'

'I got a group on the road, no roadie.'

'No roadie? What's that?'

'Guy who drives the van, looks after them, lots of fun, lots of chicks. You fancy it?'

'No.'

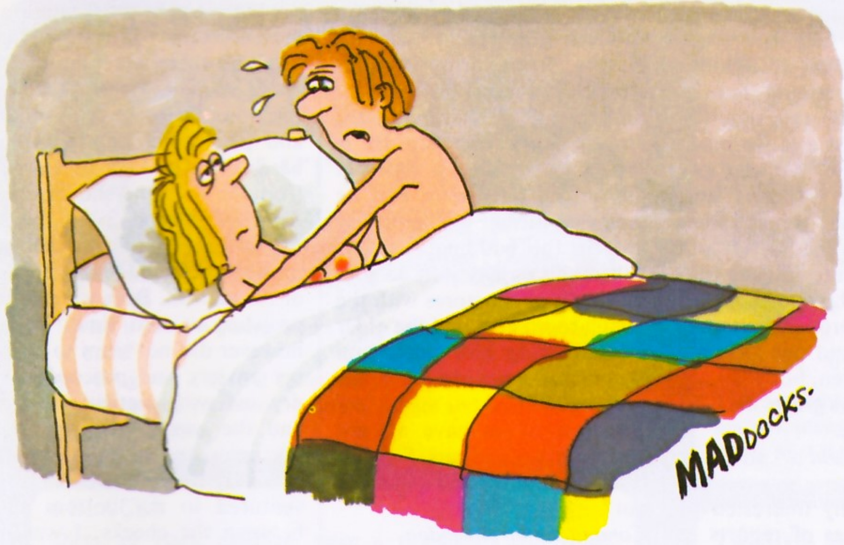
'Fifty a week.'

'Yes.'

'Right, come in and see me Monday.'

Another small embossed white card changed

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



'Your girdle's killing me!'

hands, going into Digby's pocket.

That night the young nurse in hot pants who had made no bones about wanting to take down his trousers brought her twin sister on a night off from being an air hostess. They wouldn't tell Phillipa if he did it to them both in the big double bedroom upstairs. Otherwise they might insinuate the most amazing things when next they saw her.

And Digby suddenly confided, because he had to share it with someone, that every night since Phillipa had gone he'd pinned a new note to her door telling her where he could be found. In case she came back early to him. When they said that Phillipa wouldn't come back early for any man he believed it.

So in the bedroom above the party with the wall rugs from Marrakesh and the Swedish wooden bed they were about to undress him.

And Phillipa arrived.

And seeing her standing in the doorway, he knew he was so much in love it was a disaster.

Phillipa cried and Digby, drunk, tried to explain.

And Phillipa said she had come back early, three days early, because she wanted to be with him. And now she didn't.

And Digby in his jacket took her by the arm and said, I'm taking you home.

Phillipa said he wasn't. She was going back home alone. And she did. But Digby followed, walking beside her, trying to explain, one foot in the gutter, telling her that good things were happening and . . .

Her eyes were red from crying. Tears were on her soft cheeks. The boy who took her home was not her boyfriend, just a friend. And she had come back here because she wanted to be with Digby. And now she didn't any more, ever again.

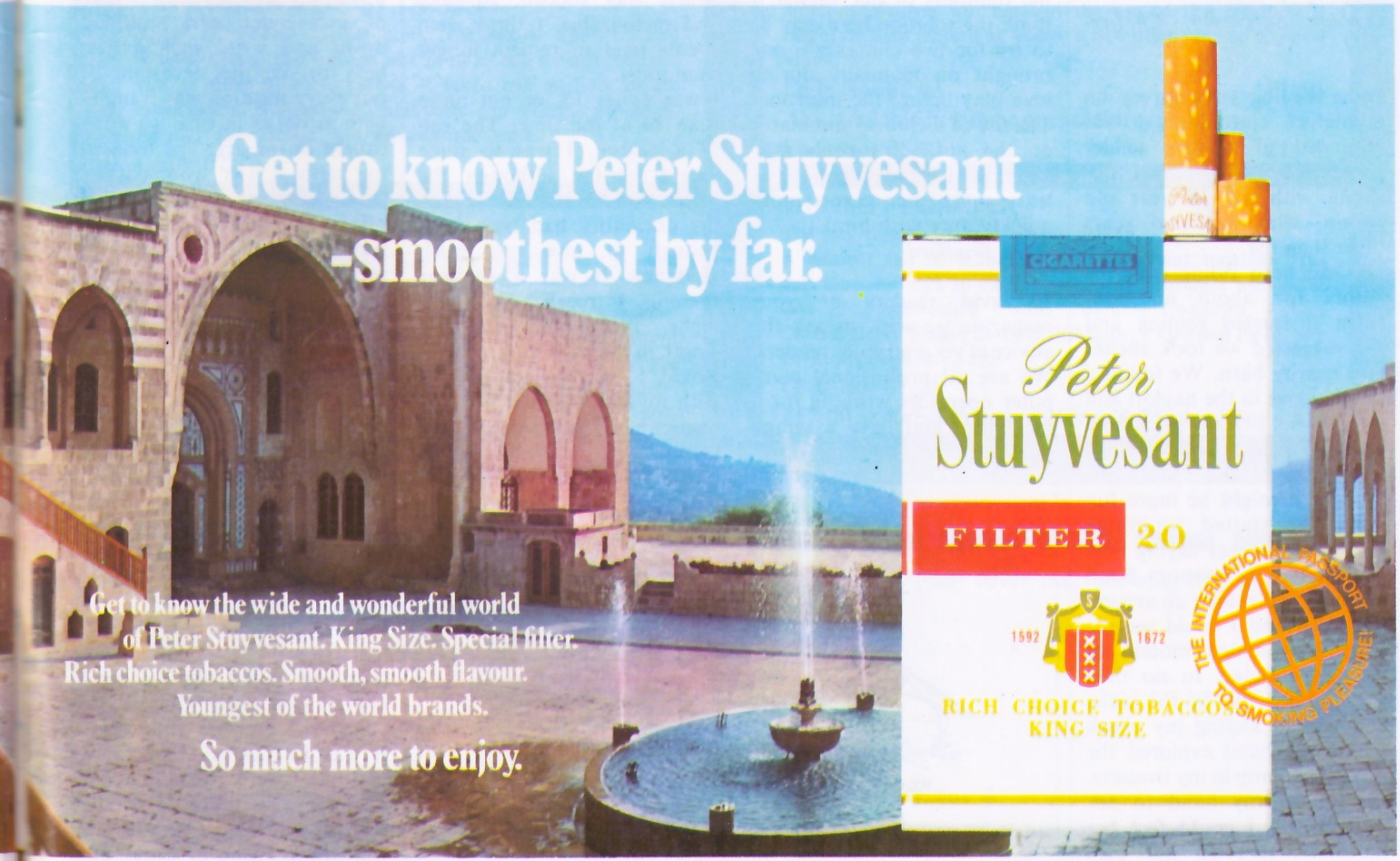
She turned furiously at her note-filled bedsitter door and unsheathed her claws. But Digby in the jacket pulled her savagely towards him and kissed her very hard and very long, like he'd always meant to from the start.

And she slowly relaxed in his arms.

He took her gently upstairs to his room and there among the silver of the space capsule that Digby built, she said, be careful Digby Darling because I haven't done this before. Neither have I, he thought, not properly, not like this. And it began.

And he hoped it would forget to stop. Because it was so new and fresh, like nothing else.

And he wanted it to be forever.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GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

LETTERS

continued from page 7

leatherette rectangles containing, I suspect, a folded up bicycle inner tube. I had a Norwegian girl friend who must have suffered greatly one Sunday when we went for a really long run. Later that evening, in the privacy of her bedroom, she discovered that her bottom had gone completely black and blue.
Alfa Mike, Dunfermline

I read with interest your article on Morgan tri-cars in Vol 8 No 1.
My own Morgan (not shown in the pictures) won a first class award for the second consecutive year on the day those photographs were taken. I had driven the car to the meeting.
It amuses me to see a magazine like *Mayfair* publishing an article of this sort – especially on Morgans. I am an avid reader of motorcycle magazines and my mates kid me that I turn on to the centrefold of such magazines as 'Motor Cycle' and 'Motor Cycle Illustrated'. Now the laugh is on them!
Graham Sargerson, Chesterfield

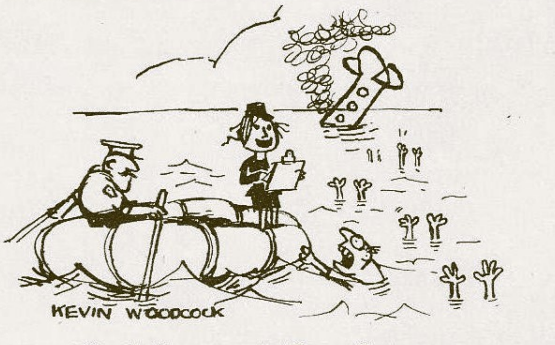
After reading your survey on premature ejaculation I was reminded of a very tender experience I had when out riding with my 18 year old cousin, who was two years older than me.
We had been riding over the moors for about an hour when it started raining and she suggested we took shelter in a nearby barn. We found a small alcove in the hayloft and sat down. I said something about our bad luck and she just smiled and said she thought it might be more fun now. She started squirming around in the hay saying how nice it felt on her bottom. Soon her skirt had ridden up around her waist and I could see the superbly rounded mound of her pubic bulge. In no time she grabbed me by the waist and started kissing my cheek whilst one hand explored the throbbing lump in my trousers. She pulled my hand to her mound and I could feel her moistness through her pale blue knickers. This seemed to drive her mad and she unzipped my trousers and dragged my penis out. But it was all too much and I came as soon as she held me.
She told me that it did not matter and I should not be embarrassed. By this time the rain had ceased and we made tracks for home. We were out riding again a few days later and this time things went much better in the hayloft and further adventures during that summer taught me how to satisfy her properly. I am married now and don't see my cousin very often, but when we meet she always greets me with a wicked smile.
R.J., Huddersfield

I was extremely interested to read your series of reports in Quest on women's feelings of premature or early ejaculation. I am married and in my forties and have always believed that controlling my emotions has ensured my wife's enjoyment. We find it much more pleasurable if I reach my own climax after hers. This not only prolongs the act, but also gives her a second climax.
I was also intrigued by the 23 year old girl from Rochester, who says her husband's problems were partly because of the tightness of her vagina. I think the solution here may be to try for two climaxes – one brought on manually during love play before the insertion. The use of a clitoral stimulator on the husband's penis may assist her to come again (or at least make her come more quickly once with him).
B.D., Bradford

As avid readers of your magazine we wish to ask the advice of you and your readers. We are all professional computer operators working for a local firm and have a young operator who is something of an enigma. He is 21 and lives with his parents, plays guitar in a local group and gets his clothes from army surplus stores. He certainly doesn't look like Paul Newman. Yet almost every morning he is driven to work by a different girl in his tatty mini and he seems to attract all the pretty girls in the building.
When he's on day shift he goes off to the paper stores with the punch room girls and the older women bring him cakes and chocolates when he's on the evening shift.
The rest of us have all got smart clothes and cars. So what has he got that none of us has got?
Computer staff, Swindon

About two years, we'd say. Then he dies of exhaustion or you thump him.

I particularly enjoyed the account in Vol 8 No 2 of M.S.A.S. of Ipswich dealing with awakening to sex through the guidance of a young girl servant at his school when he was in his teens. It brought back very vividly to me, now a man of 45 years, an almost similar experience which was sudden, thrilling and memorable. I think such events tend to remain longer than most.
I was either 13, or not more than 14 at the time. The son of a parson, I was to some extent puritan although the other three boys who shared my dormitory had been kind enough to give me much guidance. It was a summer evening I recall. My bath night, and while lying full length in the bath with my eyes closed I was in fact playing with myself. Imagine my surprise when I opened my eyes to see Della, a dormitory girl aged 17 or 18 who was blessed with the most fabulous breasts and glorious legs, standing there watching me! I could do nothing to hide my erection. Della smiled, stared and placed her hands to her breasts. I stood up to emerge from the bath and she took my hand and picked up the towel. I was scared stiff the housemaster would suddenly appear, or the matron. Both were often prowling at that time. Della, however did not seem to share my anxiety and proceeded to dry me with meticulous care and she was determined that my penis and testicles should be really dry. Her hands also ventured to my bottom and between the cheeks. I was in the most excited state imaginable and it was no use. I could not hold back. The touch of her gentle fingers in that area were unbearable and I soon ejaculated.
She bent forward and kissed me. Her tongue forced its way between my lips while her right hand squeezed my now flaccid organ.
I longed to tell my bedroom mates but sensibly I did not. Della however started sending me notes which she placed under my pillow. That a girl of such tender years could sit down and write such letters beat me. We met occasionally but every meeting was fraught with anxieties in case we were caught in the act. The following term I was whipped by the house master for some offence. Della was excited. She was thrilled that the chastisement coincided with my bath night and paid me a fleeting visit. She admitted that she wanted to stroke my poor wounded bottom.
I often wondered what became of that young lady. Seventeen is a bit young to start seducing boys of 13 after all. Anyhow, thank you dear Della. Even now I just have to wonder what she looked like naked.
A.W., London, NW9



'Good afternoon, sir, Trans-Eastern Airlines would again like to welcome you aboard and wish you a pleasant journey'

I have just purchased my first copy of *Mayfair* and felt that you might like to hear about something that happened to me a little while ago. It was just before Christmas and we were exceptionally busy at the office. I work with five other fellows but with the pressure of work, we had to bring in two girls from the typing pool. Because of

turn to page 98

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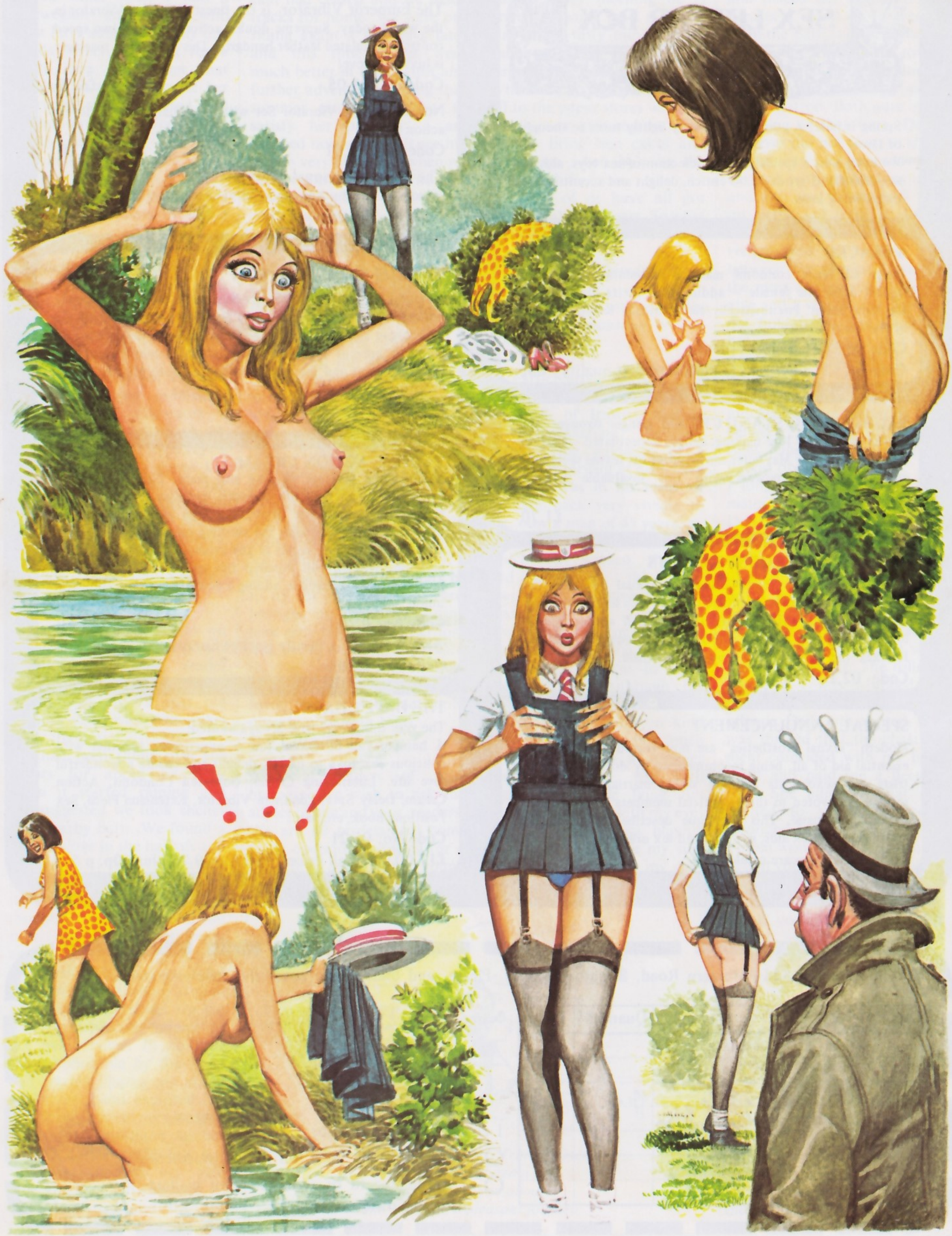

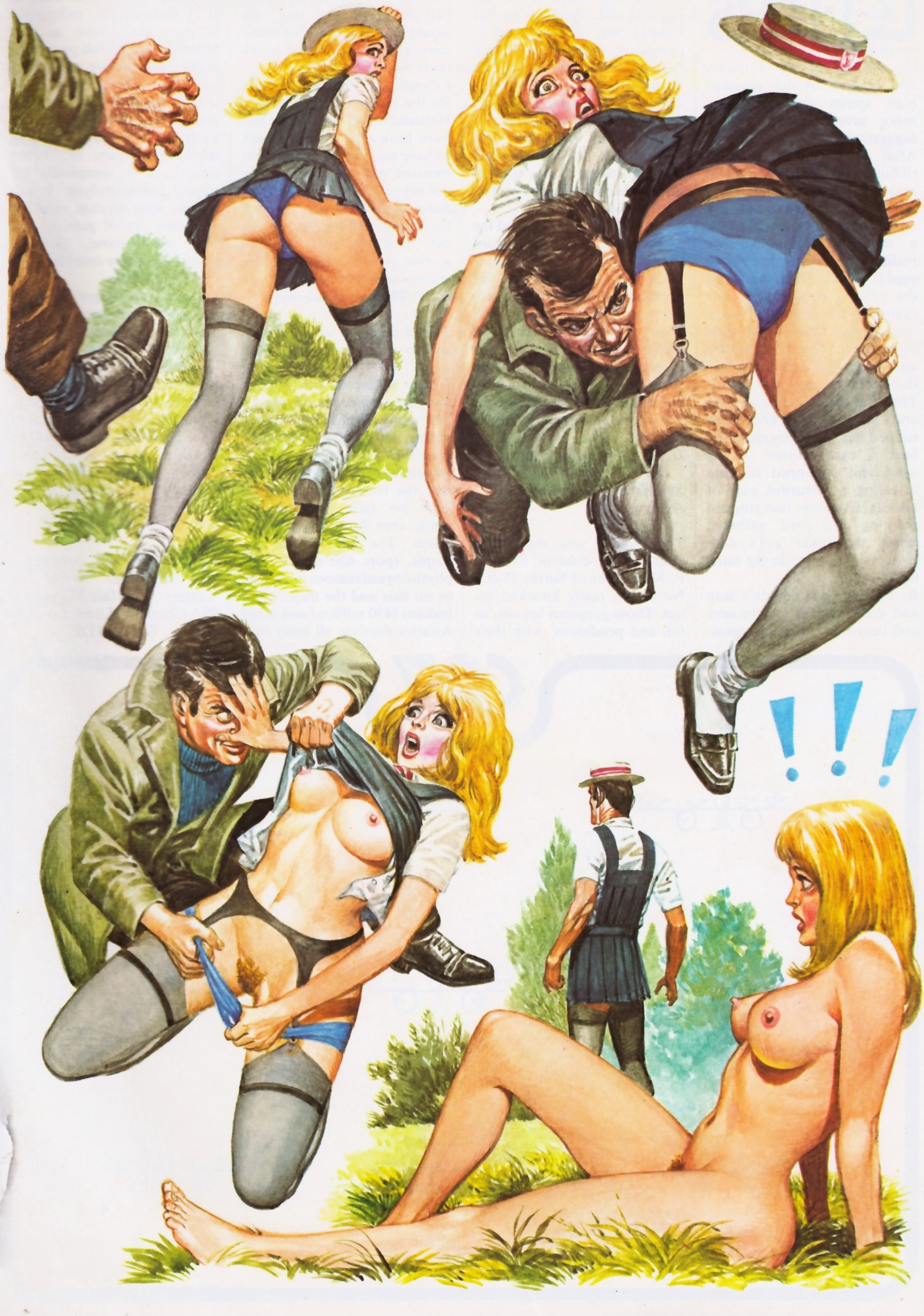

LETTERS

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the novelty of the situation and because of our seasonal high spirits we started to make several rather bawdy suggestions.

After about half an hour of ribbing, the older of the two asked if we would shut up if she sat and worked in only her underwear! This silenced us for a moment, but when we realised she wasn't joking we egged her on. Then she asked the other girl to follow her example. We couldn't believe it until they were sitting there in just their bra and pants. We were visibly excited and it was their turn to start teasing us. Then the older one came over and sat on my knee and rubbed her large bosom in my face. I cast caution to the wind and unclipped her bra revealing a beautiful pair of breasts. Everyone had stopped working and had gathered round the other girl's desk to persuade her to do the same thing.

By now my girl couldn't stop and she unzipped my trousers and began caressing my penis. I pulled her down on to my lap and slid myself in up her knicker leg. She worked it completely into her and I lifted her up and down by her bottom.

The other lads were obviously doing the same judging by the groans from the other desk and when I looked round I saw her spread across the top of her desk surrounded by five erect penises.

The two of us then watched the performance while we continued our own.

When my girl reached her orgasm, the girls seemed suddenly to realise what they had done. They appeared quite embarrassed and they dressed in complete silence. We were silent, too, and we just quietly got dressed and went back to our work as quickly as we could.

D. C., Cleethorpes, Lincs

Sounds like a cool dip in the typing pool.

The picture you showed in your letters column of Mrs P. M. Harber of Surrey (Vol 8 No 2) has really knocked me out. Those gorgeous breasts, so full and pendulous, with their wide, erect nipples are really marvellous. I am sure she would like to know that many men, apart from her husband, think she is beautiful.

I should also like to thank you for the pictures of Christianne Halstead in the same issue. She must have a very narrow back to have such lovely breasts that measure only 35 inches. Why not get your girls to shave their pubic hairs half way through the photo sessions, so that we can have the best of both worlds in the shaven or unshaven controversy?

B. W. Thomas, Windermere

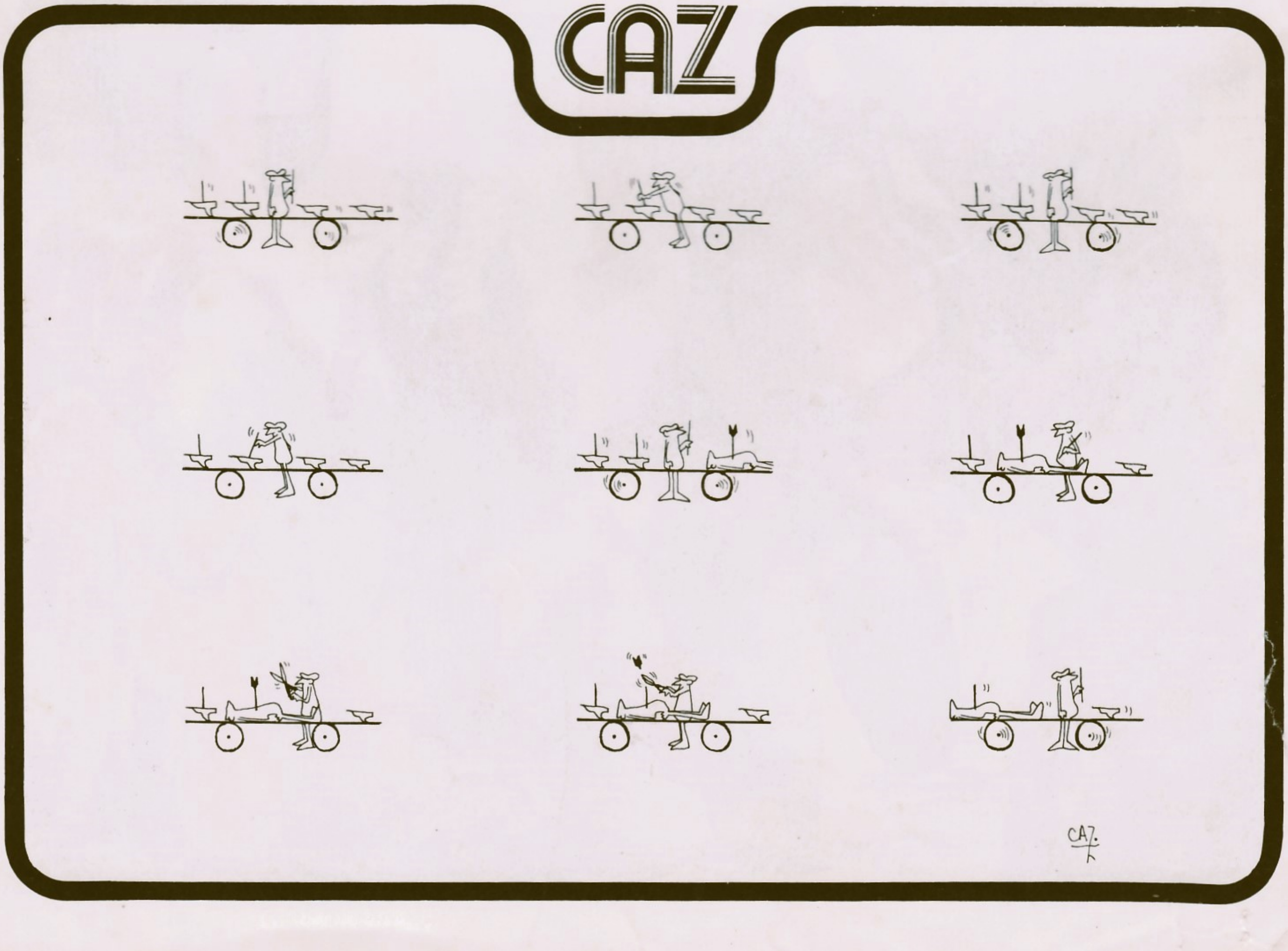
They'd finish up as Harlequin, and we nearly mis-spelled that.

I have followed with interest the correspondence on shaven pubises which has recently been given an airing in your columns. None of your correspondents seem to be aware that half the females in the world have no hair covering the pubic area from puberty onwards. The Chinese for example, (pop. 650 million) for physiological reasons have little or no hair and the majority of Indians (450 million) and other Asiatics depilate all body hair purely for the sake of hygiene. It is undoubtedly unhygienic to have hair here as any obstetrician will tell you, especially as bidets are not widely used in this country. The itchiness which some women complain of can be overcome by frequent shaving, by using depilatory cream or, better still, have it completely removed by electrolysis. Indian women who depilate regularly from the age of puberty and who wear loose, skirtlike, sarees, are never troubled with this discomfort.

Up until now a good deal of ignorance and prejudice has existed in the West. Ignorance because the sanitary and hygienic side of the matter has been ignored, and prejudice because until it becomes commonplace (like the removal of underarm hair), women will be worried about what other women, as well as men, will think of them – at first – which is a pity.

G.T.D., London SW6

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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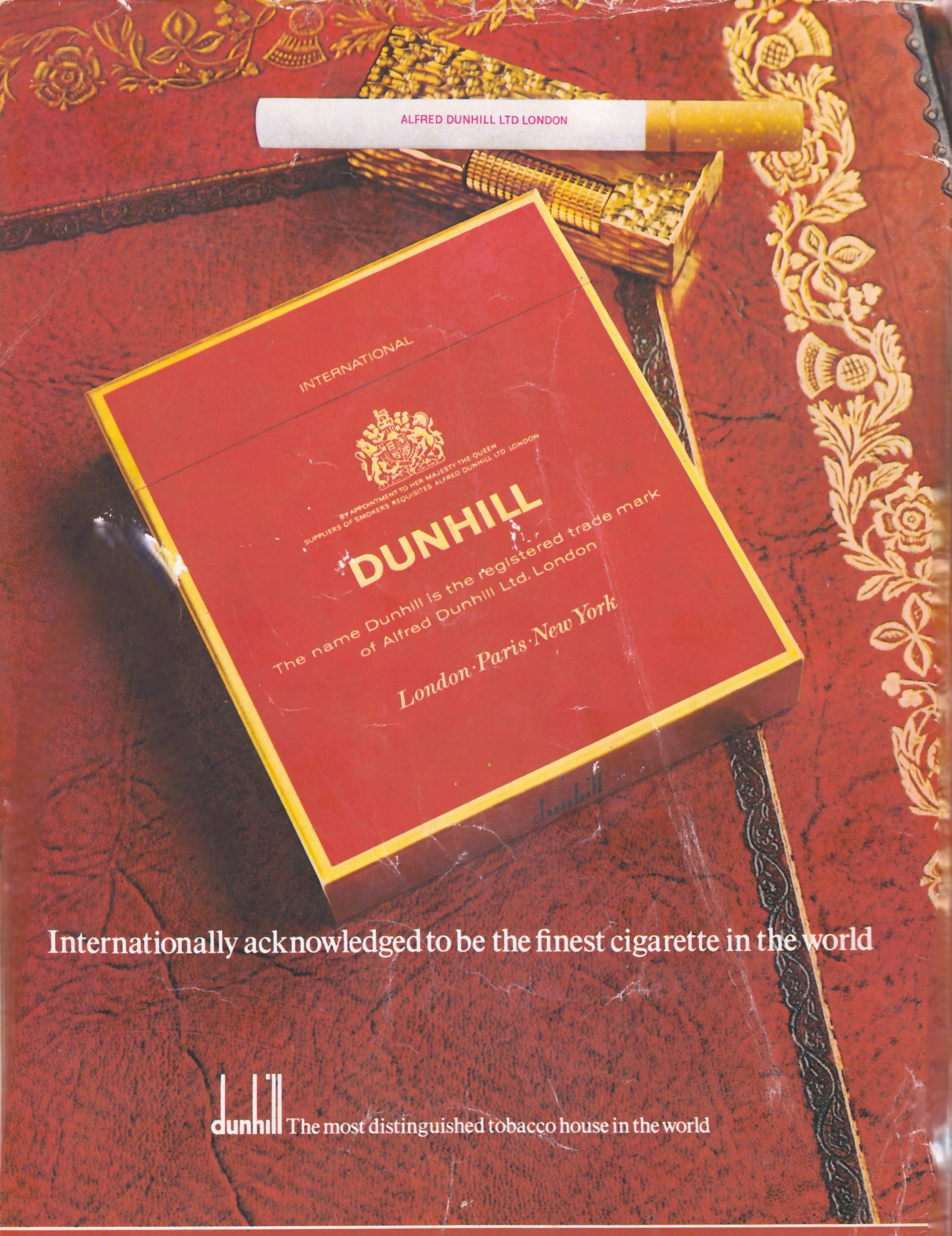
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